

B E E T H O V E N .

HIS BOYHOOD.

I.

ONE October afternoon, in 1784, a boat was coming down the Rhine close to that point where the city of Bonn sits on its left shore. The company on board consisted of old and young persons of both sexes, returning from an excursion of pleasure.

The company landed full of gayety and mirth, the young people walking on before, while their seniors followed. They adjourned to a public garden, close on the river side, to finish the day of social enjoyment by partaking of a collation. Old and young were seated ere long around the stone table set under the large trees. The crimson faded in the west, the moon poured her soft light glimmering through the leafy canopy above them, and was reflected in full beauty in the waters of the Rhine.

"Your boys are merry fellows," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman, addressing Herr van Beethoven, a tenor singer in the electoral chapel, pointing at the same time to his two sons, lads of ten and fourteen years of age. "But tell me, Beethoven, why did you not bring Louis with you?"

"Because," answered the person he addressed, "Louis is a stubborn, dogged, stupid boy, whose troublesome behavior would only spoil our mirth."

"Ah!" returned the old gentleman, "you are always finding fault with the poor lad, and perhaps impose too hard tasks upon him. I am only surprised that he has not, ere this, broken loose from your sharp control."

"My dear Simrock," replied Beethoven, laughing, "I have a remedy at hand for his humors—my good Spanish cane, which, you see, is of the toughest. Louis is well acquainted with its excellent properties, and stands in wholesome awe thereof. And trust me, neighbor, I know best what is for the boy's good. Carl and Johann are a comfort to me; they always obey me with alacrity and affection. Louis, on the other hand, has been bearish from his infancy. As to his studies, music is the only thing he will learn—I mean with good will; or, if he consents to apply himself to anything else, I must first knock it into him that it has something to do with music. *Then* he will go to work; but it is his humor not to do it otherwise. If I give him a commission to execute for me, the most arrant clodpoll could not be more stupid about it."

Here the conversation was interrupted, and the subject was not resumed. The hours flew lightly by. It struck nine, and the festive company separated to return to their homes.

Carl and Johann were in high glee as they went home. They sprang up the steps before their father, and pulled the door-bell. The door was opened, and a boy about twelve years old stood in the entry with a lamp in his hand. He was short and stout for his age, but a sickly paleness, more strongly marked by the contrast of his thick black hair, was observable on his face. His small, gray eyes were quick and restless in their movement, very piercing when he fixed them on any object, but softened by

the shade of his long, dark lashes. His mouth was delicately formed, and the compression of the lips betrayed both pride and sorrow. It was Louis Beethoven.

He came to meet his parents, and bade them "Good-evening."

His mother greeted him affectionately. His father said, while the boy busied himself fastening the door, "Well, Louis, I hope you have finished your task."

"I have, father."

"Very good; to-morrow I will look and see if you have earned your breakfast." So saying, the elder Beethoven went into his chamber. His wife followed him, after bidding her sons good night, Louis more tenderly than any of them. Carl and Johann withdrew with their brother to their common sleeping apartment, entertaining him with a description of their day of festivity. "Now, Louis," said little Johann, as they finished their account, "if you had not been such a dunce, our father would have taken you along; but he says he thinks that you will be little better than a dunce all the days of your life, and self-willed and stubborn besides."

"Don't talk about that any more," answered Louis, "but come to bed."

"Yes, you are always a sleepy-head!" cried they both, laughing; but in a few moments after getting into bed both were asleep and snoring heartily.

Louis took the lamp from the table, left the apartment softly, and went up-stairs to an attic chamber, where he was wont to retire when he wished to be out of the way of his teasing brothers. He had fitted up the little room for himself as well as his means permitted. A table with three legs, a leathern chair, the bottom partly out, and an old piano which he had rescued from the possession of the rats and mice, made up the furniture, and

here, in company with his beloved violin, he was accustomed to pass his happiest hours.

The boy felt, young as he was, that he was not understood by one of his family, not even excepting his mother. She loved him tenderly, and always took his part when his father found fault with him; but she never knew what was passing in his mind, because he never uttered it. But his genius was not long to be unappreciated.

The next morning a messenger came from the elector to Beethoven's house, bringing an order for him to repair immediately to the palace, and fetch with him his son Louis. The father was surprised; not more so than the boy, whose heart beat with undefined apprehension as they entered the princely mansion. A servant was in waiting, and conducted them, without delay or further announcement, to the presence of the elector, who was attended by two gentlemen.

The elector received old Beethoven with great kindness, and said, "We have heard much, recently, of the extraordinary musical talent of your son Louis. Have you brought him along with you?"

Beethoven replied in the affirmative, stepped back to the door, and bade the boy come in.

"Come nearer, my little lad," cried the elector graciously; "do not be shy. This gentleman here is our new court organist, Herr Neefe; the other is the famous composer, Herr Yunker, from Cologne. We promised them both they should hear you play something."

The prince bade the boy take his seat and begin, while he sat down in a large easy-chair. Louis went to the piano, and, without examining the pile of notes that lay awaiting his selection, played a short piece, then

a light and graceful melody, which he executed with such ease and spirit, nay, in so admirable a manner, that his distinguished auditors could not forbear expressing their surprise, and even his father was struck. When he left off playing, the elector arose, came up to him, laid his hand on his head, and said encouragingly, "Well done, my boy! we are pleased with you. Now, Master Yunker," turning to the gentleman on his right hand, "what say you?"

"Your highness," answered the composer, "I will venture to say the lad has had considerable practice with that last air to execute it so well."

Louis burst into a laugh at this remark. The others looked surprised and grave. His father darted an angry glance at him, and the boy, conscious that he had done something wrong, became instantly silent.

"And pray what were you laughing at, my little fellow?" asked the elector.

The boy colored and looked down as he replied, "Because Herr Yunker thinks I have learned the air by heart, when it occurred to me but just now while I was playing."

"Then," returned the composer, "if you really improvised that piece, you ought to go through at sight a motive I will give you presently."

Yunker wrote on a paper a difficult motive, and handed it to the boy. Louis read it over carefully, and immediately began to play it according to the rules of counterpoint. The composer listened attentively, his astonishment increasing at every turn in the music; and when at last it was finished, in a manner so spirited as to surpass his expectations, his eyes sparkled, and he looked on the lad with keen interest, as the possessor of a genius rarely to be found.

"If he goes on in this way," said he in a low tone to the elector, "I

can assure your highness that a very great contrapuntist may be made out of him."

Neeffe observed with a smile, "I agree with the master; but it seems to me the boy's style inclines rather too much to the gloomy and melancholy."

"It is well," replied his highness, smiling; "be it your care that it does not become too much so. Herr van Beethoven," he continued, addressing the father, "we take an interest in your son, and it is our pleasure that he complete the studies commenced under your tuition, under that of Herr Neeffe. He may come and live with him after to-day. You are willing, Louis, to come and live with this gentleman?"

The boy's eyes were fixed on the ground; he raised them and glanced first at Neeffe and then at his father. The offer was a tempting one; he would fare better and have more liberty in his new abode. But there was his *father!* whom he had always loved; who, in spite of his severity, had doubtless loved him, and who now stood looking upon him earnestly and sadly. He hesitated no longer, but, seizing Beethoven's hand and pressing it to his heart, he cried, "No, no! I can not leave my father."

"You are a good and dutiful lad," said his highness. "Well, I will not ask you to leave your father, who must be very fond of you. You shall live with him, and come and take your lessons of Herr Neeffe; that is our will. Adieu! Herr van Beethoven."

From this time Louis lived a new life. His father treated him no longer with harshness, and even reproved his brothers when they tried to tease him. Carl and Johann grew shy of him, however, when they saw what a favorite he had become.

Louis found himself no longer restrained, but came and went as he pleased; he took frequent excursions into the country, which he enjoyed with more than youthful pleasure, when the lessons were over. His worthy master was astonished at the rapid progress of his pupil in his beloved art.

"But, Louis," said he one day, "if you would become a great musician, you must not neglect everything besides music. You must acquire foreign languages, particularly Latin, Italian, and French. Would you leave your name to posterity as a true artist, make your own all that bears relation to your art."

Louis promised, and kept his word. In the midst of his playing he would leave off, however much it cost him, when the hour struck for his lessons in the languages. So closely he applied himself, that in a year's time he was tolerably well acquainted not only with Latin, French, and Italian, but also with the English. His father marvelled at his progress not a little; for years he had labored in vain, with starvation and blows, to make the boy learn the first principles of those languages. He had never, indeed, taken the trouble to explain to him their use in the acquisition of the science of music.

In 1785, appeared Louis' first sonatas. They displayed uncommon talent and gave promise that the youthful artist would, in future, accomplish something great, though scarcely yet could be found in them a trace of that gigantic genius whose death forty years afterward filled all Europe with sorrow.

"We were both mistaken in the lad," Simrock would say to old Beethoven. "He abounds in wit and odd fancies, but I do not altogether like his mixing up in his music all sorts of strange conceits; the best

way, to my notion, is a plain one. Let him follow the great Mozart, step by step; after all, he is the only one, and there is none to come up to him—none!" And Louis' father, who also idolized Mozart, always agreed with his neighbor in his judgment, and echoed, "None!"

It was a lovely summer afternoon about 1787; numerous boats with parties of pleasure on board were passing up and down the Rhine; numerous companies of old and young were assembled under the trees in the public gardens, or along the banks of the river, enjoying the scene and each other's conversation, or partaking of the rural banquet.

At some distance from the city, a wood bordered the river; this wood was threaded by a small and sparkling stream, that flung itself over a ledge of rocks, and tumbled into the most romantic and quiet dell imaginable, for it was too narrow to be called a valley. The trees overhung it so closely that at noonday this sweet nook was dark as twilight, and the profound silence was only broken by the monotonous murmur of the stream.

Close by the stream half sat, half reclined, a youth just emerging from childhood. In fact, he could hardly be called more than a boy; for his frame showed but little development of strength, and his regular features, combined with an excessive paleness, the result of confinement, gave the impression that he was even of tender years. His eyes would alone have given him the credit of uncommon beauty; they were large, dark, and so bright that it seemed the effect of disease, especially in a face that rarely or never smiled.

A most unusual thing was a holiday for the melancholy lad. His whole soul was given up to one pas-

sion—the love of music. Oh! how precious to him were the moments of solitude. He had loved, for this, even his poor garret room, meanly furnished, but rich in the possession of one or two musical instruments, whither he would retire at night, when released from irksome labor, and spend hours of delight stolen from slumber. But to be alone with nature, in her grand woods, under the blue sky, with no human voice to mar the infinite harmony—how did his heart pant for this communion! His breast seemed to expand and fill with the grandeur, the beauty, of all around him. The light breeze rustling in the leaves came to his ear laden with a thousand melodies; the very grass and flowers under his feet had a language for him. His spirits, long depressed and saddened, sprang into new life, and rejoiced with unutterable joy.

The hours wore on, a dusky shadow fell over foliage and stream, and the solitary lad rose to leave his chosen retreat. As he ascended the narrow winding path, he was startled by hearing his own name; and presently a man, apparently middle-aged and dressed plainly, stood just in front of him. "Come back, Louis," said the stranger, "it is not so dark as it seems here; you have time enough this hour to return to the city." The stranger's voice had a thrilling though melancholy sweetness; and Louis suffered him to take his hand and lead him back. They seated themselves in the shade beside the water.

"I have watched you for a long while," said the stranger.

"You might have done better," returned the lad, reddening at the thought of having been subjected to espionage.

"Peace, boy," said his companion; "I love you, and have done all for your good."

"You love me?" repeated Louis, surprised. "I have never met you before."

"Yet I know you well. Does that surprise you? I know your thoughts also. You love music better than aught else in the world; but you despair of excellence because you cannot follow the rules prescribed."

Louis looked at the speaker with open eyes.

"Your masters also despair of you. The court-organist accuses you of conceit and obstinacy; your father reproaches you; and all your acquaintance pronounce you a boy of tolerable abilities, spoiled by an ill disposition."

The lad sighed.

"The gloom of your condition increases your distaste to all studies not directly connected with music, for you feel the need of her consolations. Your compositions, wild, melancholy as they are, embody your own feelings, and are understood by none of the connoisseurs."

"Who are you?" cried Louis in deep emotion.

"No matter who I am. I come to give you a little advice, my boy. I am compassionate, yet I revere you. I revere your heaven-imparted genius. I commiserate the woes those very gifts must bring upon you through life."

The boy lifted his eyes again; those of the speaker seemed so bright, yet withal so melancholy, that he was possessed of a strange fear. "I see you," continued the unknown solemnly, "exalted above homage, but lonely and unblessed in your elevation. Yet the lot of such is fixed; and it is better, perhaps, that one should consume in the sacred fire than that the many should lack illumination."

"I do not understand you," said Louis, wishing to put an end to the interview.

"That is not strange, since you do not understand yourself," said the stranger. "As for me, I pay homage to a future sovereign!" and he suddenly snatched up the boy's hand and kissed it. Louis was convinced of his insanity.

"A sovereign in art," continued the unknown. "The sceptre that Haydn and Mozart have held shall pass without interregnum to your hands. When you are acknowledged in all Germany for the worthy successor of these great masters—when all Europe wonders at the name of *Beethoven*—remember me.

"But you have much ground to pass over," resumed the stranger, "ere you reach that glorious summit. Reject not the aid of science, of literature; there are studies now disagreeable that still may prove serious helps to you in the cultivation of music. Contemn not *any* learning: for art is a coy damsel, and would have her votaries all accomplished! Above all—*trust yourself*. Whatever may happen, give no place to despondency. They blame you for your disregard of rules; make for yourself higher and vaster rules. You will not be appreciated here; but there are other places in the world; in Vienna—"

"Oh! if I could only go to Vienna," sighed the lad.

"You *shall* go there, and remain," said the stranger; "and there too you shall see me, or hear from me. Adieu, now—*auf Wiedersehen*." ("To meet again.")

And before the boy could recover from his astonishment the stranger was gone. It was nearly dark, and he could see nothing of him as he walked through the wood. He could not, however, spend much time in search; for he dreaded the reproaches of his father for having stayed out so late. All the way home he was try-

ing to remember where he had seen the unknown, whose features, though he could not say to whom they belonged, were not unfamiliar to him. It occurred to him at last, that while playing before the elector one day a countenance similar in benevolent expression had looked upon him from the circle surrounding the sovereign. But known or unknown, the "*auf Wiedersehen*" of his late companion rang in his ears, while the friendly counsel sank deep in his heart.

Traversing rapidly the streets of Bonn, young Beethoven was soon at his own door. An unusual bustle within attracted his attention. To his eager questions the servants replied that their master was dying. Shocked to hear of his danger, Louis flew to his apartment. His brothers were there, also his mother, weeping; and the physician supported his father, who seemed in great pain.

Louis clasped his father's cold hand, and pressed it to his lips, but could not speak for tears.

"God's blessing be upon you, my son!" said his parent. "Promise me that throughout life you will never forsake your brothers. I know they have not loved you as they ought; that is partly my fault; promise me, that whatever may happen you will continue to regard and cherish them."

"I will—I will, dear father!" cried Louis, sobbing. Beethoven pressed his hand in token of satisfaction. The same night he expired. The grief of Louis was unbounded.

It was a bitter thing thus to lose a parent just as the ties of nature were strengthened by mutual appreciation and confidence; but it was necessary that he should rouse himself to minister support and comfort to his suffering mother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEETHOVEN.

HIS WARNING.

YEARS passed on, and Beethoven continued to reside at Vienna with his two brothers, who had followed him thither, and took the charge of his domestic establishment, so as to leave him entirely at leisure for composition. His reputation had advanced gradually but surely, and he now stood high, if not highest, among living masters. The prediction was beginning to be accomplished.

It was a mild evening in the latter part of September, and a large company was assembled at the charming villa of the Baron Raimond von Wetzlar, situated near Schönbrunn. They had been invited to be present at a musical contest between the celebrated Wolff and Beethoven. The part of Wolff was espoused with great enthusiasm by the baron; that of Beethoven by the Prince de Lichnowsky, and, as in all such matters, partisans swarmed on either side. The popular talk among the music-loving Viennese was, everywhere, discussion of the merits of the rival candidates for fame.

Beethoven was walking in one of the avenues of the illuminated garden, accompanied by his pupil, Ferdinand Ries. The melancholy that marked the composer's temperament seemed, more than ever, to have the ascendancy over him.

"I confess to you, Ferdinand," said he, apparently in continuation of some previous conversation, "I regret my engagement with Sonnleithner."

"And yet you have written the opera?"

"I have completed it, but not to my own satisfaction. And I shall object to its being produced first at Vienna."

"Why so? The Viennese are your friends."

"For that very reason I will not appeal to their judgment; I want an impartial one. I distrust my genius for the opera."

"How can that be possible?"

"It is my intimacy with Salieri that has inclined me that way; nature did not suggest it; I can never feel at home there. Ferdinand, I am self-upbraided, and should be, were the applause of a thousand spectators sounding in my ears."

"Nay," said the student, "the artist assumes too much who judges himself."

"But I have not judged myself."

"Who, then, has dared to insinuate a doubt of your success?"

Beethoven hesitated; his impressions, his convictions, would seem superstition to his companion, and he was not prepared to encounter either raillery or ridicule. Just then the host, with a party of the guests, met them, exclaiming that they had been everywhere sought; that the company was all assembled in the saloon, and every thing ready for the exhibition.

"You are bent on making a gladiator of me, dear baron," cried the composer, "in order that I may be mangled and torn to pieces, for the

popular amusement, by your favorite Wolff."

"Heaven forbid I should pre-judge either combatant!" cried Von Wetzlar. "The lists are open; the prize is not to be awarded by me."

"But your good wishes—your hopes—"

"Oh! as to that, I must frankly own I prefer the good old school to your new-fangled conceits and innovations. But come—the audience waits."

Each in turn, the two rivals played a piece composed by himself, accompanied by select performers. Then each improvised a short piece. The delight of the spectators was called forth in different ways. In the production of Wolff a sustained elevation, clearness, and brilliancy recalled the glories of Mozart's school, and moved the audience to repeated bursts of admiration. In that of Beethoven there was a startling boldness, an impetuous rush of emotions, a frequency of abrupt contrasts—and withal a certain wildness and mystery—that irresistibly enthralled the feelings, while it outraged, at the same time, their sense of musical propriety. There was little applause, but the deep silence, prolonged even after the notes had ceased, told how intensely all had been interested.

The victory remained undecided. There was a clamor of eager voices among the spectators; but no one could collect the suffrages, nor determine which was the successful champion in the contest. The Prince Lichnowsky, however, stood up, and boldly claimed it for his favorite.

"Nay," interrupted Beethoven, advancing, "my dear prince, there has been no contest." He offered his hand to his opponent. "We may still esteem each other, Wolff; we are not rivals. Our style is essentially different; I yield to you the palm of

excellence in the qualities that distinguish you."

"You are right, my friend," cried Wolff; "henceforth let there be no more talk of championship between us. I will hold him for my enemy who ventures to compare me with you—you so superior in the path you have chosen. It is a higher path than mine—an original one; I follow contentedly in the course marked out by others."

"But our paths lead to the same goal," replied Beethoven. "We will speed each other with good wishes; and embrace cordially when we meet *there* at last."

There was an unusual solemnity in the composer's last words, and it put an end to the discussion. All responded warmly to his sentiment. But amidst the general murmur of approbation, one voice was heard that seemed strangely to startle Beethoven. His face grew pale, then flushed deeply; and the next moment he pressed his way hastily through the crowd, and seized by the arm a retreating figure.

"You shall see me in Vienna," whispered the stranger in his ear.

"Yet a word with you. You shall not escape me thus."

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" And shaking off the grasp, the stranger disappeared.

No one had observed his entrance; the host knew him not, and though most of the company remarked the composer's singular emotion, none could inform him whither the unbidden guest had gone. Beethoven remained abstracted during the rest of the evening.

The opera of *Leonore* was represented at Prague; it met with but indifferent success. At Vienna, however, it commanded unbounded applause. Several alterations had been made in it; the composer had written a new overture, and the *finale* of

the first act; he had suppressed a duo and trio of some importance, and made other improvements and retrenchments. Not small was his triumph at the favorable decision of the Viennese public. A new turn seemed to be given to his mind; he revolved thoughts of future conquests over the same portion of the realm of art; he no longer questioned his own spirit. It was a crisis in the artist's life, and might have resulted in his choice of a different career from that in which he has won undying fame.

Beethoven sat alone in his study; there was a light knock at the door. He replied with a careless "come in," without looking up from his work. He was engaged in revising the last scenes of his opera.

The visitor walked to the table and stood there a few minutes unobserved. Probably the artist mistook him for one of his brothers; but, on looking up, he started with indescribable surprise. The unknown friend of his youth stood beside him.

"So you have kept your word," said the composer, when he had recovered from his first astonishment; "and now, I pray you, sit down, and tell me with whom I have the honor of having formed acquaintance in so remarkable a manner."

"My name is of no importance, as it may or may not prove known to you," replied the stranger. "I am your good genius, if my counsel does you good; if not, I would prefer to take an obscure place among your disappointed friends."

There was a tone of grave rebuke in what his visitor said that perplexed and annoyed the artist. It struck him that there was affectation in this assumption of mystery, and he observed coldly,

"I shall not attempt, of course, to deprive you of your *incognito*; but if you assume it for the sake of effect, I

would merely give you to understand that I am not prone to listen to anonymous advice."

"Oh! that you would listen," said the stranger, sorrowfully shaking his head, "to the pleadings of your better nature!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Beethoven, starting up.

"Ask your own heart. If that acquit you, I have nothing to say. I leave you, then, to the glories of your new career; to the popular applause—to your triumphs—to your remorse."

The composer was silent a few moments, and appeared agitated. At last he said, "I know not your reasons for this mystery; but whatever they may be, I will honor them. I entreat you to speak frankly. You do not approve my present undertaking?"

"Frankly, I do not. Your genius lies not this way," and he raised some of the leaves of the opera music.

"How know you that?" asked the artist, a little mortified. "You, perhaps, despise the opera?"

"I do not. I love it; I honor it; I honor the noble creations of those great masters who have excelled in it. But you, my friend, are beckoned to a higher and holier path."

"How know you that?" repeated Beethoven, and this time his voice faltered.

"Because I know you; because I know the aspirations of your genius; because I know the misgivings that pursue you in the midst of success; the self-reproach that you suffer to be stifled in the clamor of popular praise. Even now, in the midst of your triumph, you are haunted by the consciousness that you are not fulfilling the true mission of the artist."

His piercing words were winged with truth itself. Beethoven buried his face in his hands.

"Woe to you," cried the unknown,

"if you suppress, till they are wholly dead, your once earnest longings after the pure and the good! Woe to you, if, charmed by the syren song of vanity, you close your ears against the cry of a despairing world! Woe to you, if you resign unfulfilled the trust God committed to your hands, to sustain the weak and faltering soul, to give it strength to bear the ills of life, strength to battle against evil, to face the last enemy!"

"You are right—you are right!" exclaimed Beethoven, clasping his hands.

"I once predicted your elevation, your world-wide fame," continued the stranger; "for I saw you sunk in despondency, and knew that your spirit must be aroused to bear up against trial. You now stand on the verge of a more dreadful abyss. You are in danger of making the gratification of your own pride, instead of the fulfilment of Heaven's will, the aim—the goal of your life's efforts."

"Oh! never," cried the artist, "with you to guide me."

"We shall meet no more. I watched over you in boyhood; I have now come forth from retirement to give you my last warning; henceforth I shall observe your course in silence. And I shall not go unrewarded. I know too well the noble spirit that burns in your breast. You will—yes, you will fulfil your mission; your glory from this time shall rest on a basis of immortality. You shall be hailed the benefactor of humanity; and the spiritual joy you prepare for others shall return to you in full measure, pressed down and running over!"

The artist's kindling features showed that he responded to the enthusiasm of his visitor; but he answered not.

"And now, farewell. But remember, before you can accomplish this

lofty mission, you must be baptized with a baptism of fire. The tones that are to agitate and stir up to revolution the powers of the human soul come not forth from an unruffled breast, but from the depths of a sorely wrung and tried spirit. You must steal the triple flame from heaven, and it will first consume the peace of your own being. Remember this—and droop not when the hour of trial comes! Farewell!"

The stranger crossed his hands over Beethoven's head, as if mentally invoking a blessing—folded him in his embrace, and departed. The artist made no effort to follow him. Deep and bitter were the thoughts that moved within him; and he remained leaning his head on the table, in silent revery, or walking the room with rapid and irregular steps, for many hours. At length the struggle was over; pale but composed, he took up the sheets of his opera and threw them carelessly into his desk. His next work, *Christ in the Mount of Olives*, attested the high and firm resolve of his mind, sustained by its self-reliance, and independent of popular applause or disapprobation. His great symphonies, which carried the fame of the composer to its highest point, displayed the same triumph of religious principle.

THE LAST HOURS OF BEETHOVEN.

Once more we find Beethoven, in the extreme decline of life. In one of the most obscure and narrow streets of Vienna, on the third floor of a gloomy-looking house, was now the abode of the gifted artist. For many weary and wasting years he had been the prey of a cruel malady, that defied the power of medicine for its cure, and had reduced him to a state of utter helplessness. His ears had long been closed to the music that

owed its birth to his genius; it was long since he had heard the sound of a human voice. In the melancholy solitude to which he now condemned himself, he received visits from but few of his friends, and those at rare intervals. Society seemed a burden to him. Yet he persisted in his labors, and continued to compose, notwithstanding his deafness, those undying works which commanded for him the homage of Europe.

Proofs of this feeling, and of the unforgotten affection of those who knew his worth, reached him in his retreat from time to time. Now it was a medal struck at Paris, and bearing his features; now it was a new piano, the gift of some amateurs in London; at another time, some honorary title decreed him by the authorities of Vienna, or a diploma of membership of some distinguished musical society. All these moved him not, for he had quite outlived his taste for the honors of man's bestowing. What could they—what could even the certainty that he had now immortal fame—do to soften the anguish of his malady, from which he looked alone to death as a relief?

"They wrong me who call me stern or misanthropic," said he to his brother, who came in March, 1827, to pay him a visit. "God knoweth how I love my fellow-men! Has not my life been theirs? Have I not struggled with temptation, trial, and suffering from my boyhood till now, for their sakes? And now if I no longer mingle among them, is it not because my cruel infirmity unfits me for their companionship? When my fearful doom of separation from the rest of the human race is forced on my heart, do I not writhe with terrible agony, and wish that my end were come? And why, brother, have I lived, to drag out so wretched an

existence? Why have I not succumbed ere now?

"I will tell you, brother. A soft and gentle hand—it was that of art—held me back from the abyss. I could not quit the world before I had produced all—*had done all that I was appointed to do*. Has not such been the teaching of our holy church? I have learned through her precepts that patience is the handmaid of truth; I will go with her even to the footstool of the eternal."

The servant of the house entered and gave Beethoven a large sealed package directed to himself. He opened it; it contained a magnificent collection of the works of Handel, with a few lines stating that it was a dying bequest to the composer from the Count de N——. He it was who had been the unknown counsellor of Beethoven's youth and manhood; and the arrival of this posthumous present seemed to assure the artist that his own close of life was crowned with the approval of his friend. It was as if a *seal* had been set on that approbation, and the friendship of two noble spirits. It seemed like the dismissal of Beethoven from further toil.

The old man stooped his face over the papers; tears fell upon them, and he breathed a silent prayer. After a few moments he arose, and said, somewhat wildly, "We have not walked to-day, Carl. Let us go forth. This confined air suffocates me."

The wind was howling violently without; the rain beat in gusts against the windows; it was a bitter night. The brother wrote on a slip of paper, and handed it to Beethoven.

"A storm? Well, I have walked in many a storm, and I like it better than the biting melancholy that preys upon me here in my solitary room..

Oh! how I loved the storm once; my spirit danced with joy when the winds blew fiercely, and the tall trees rocked, and the sea lashed itself into a fury. It was all music to me. Alas! there is no music now so loud that I can hear it.

"Do you remember the last time I led the orchestra at Von——'s? Ah! you were not there; but I heard—yes, by leaning my breast against the instrument. When some one asked me how I heard, I replied, '*F'entends avec mes entrailles.*'"

Disturbed by his nervous restlessness, the aged composer went to the window, and opened it with trembling hands. The wind blew aside his white locks, and cooled his feverish forehead.

"I have one fear," he said, turning to his brother and slightly shuddering, "that haunts me at times—the fear of poverty. Look at this meanly furnished room, that single lamp, my meagre fare; and yet all these cost money, and my little wealth is daily consumed. Think of the misery of an old man, helpless and deaf, without the means of subsistence!"

"Have you not your pension secure?"

"It depends upon the bounty of those who bestowed it; and the favor of princes is capricious. Then again, it was given on condition I remained in the territory of Austria, at the time the king of Westphalia offered me the place of chapel-master at Cassel. Alas! I cannot bear the restriction. I must travel, brother—I must leave this city."

"You—leave Vienna?" exclaimed his brother in utter amazement, looking at the feeble old man whose limbs could scarcely bear him from one street to another. Then, recollecting himself, he wrote down his question.

"Why? Because I am restless

and unhappy. I have no peace, Carl! Is it not the chafing of the unchained spirit that pants to be free, and to wander through God's limitless universe? Alas! she is built up in a wall of clay, and not a sound can penetrate her gloomy dungeon."

Overcome by his feelings, the old man bowed his head on his brother's shoulder, and wept bitterly. Carl saw that the delirium that sometimes accompanied his paroxysms of illness had clouded his faculties.

The malady increased. The sufferer's eyes were glazed; he grasped his brother's hand with a tremulous pressure.

"Carl! Carl! I pardon you the evil you did me in childhood. Pray for me, brother!" cried the failing voice of the artist.

His brother supported him to the sofa and called for assistance. In an hour or two, his friend and spiritual adviser, summoned in haste, had administered the last rites of the church, and neighbors and friends had gathered around the dying man. He seemed gradually sinking into insensibility.

Suddenly he revived; a bright smile illumined his whole face; his sunken eyes sparkled.

"I shall *hear* in heaven!" he murmured softly, and then sang in a low but distinct voice the lines from a hymn of his own:

"Brüder! über'm Sternenzelt,
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen."

In the last faint tone of the music his gentle spirit passed away.

Thus died Beethoven, a true artist, a good and generous man, a devout Catholic. Simple, frank, loyal to his principles, his life was spent in working out what he conceived his duty; and though his task was wrought in privation, in solitude, and distress,

though happiness was not his lot in this world, doth there not remain for him an eternal reward?

The Viennese gave him a magnificent funeral. More than thirty thousand persons attended. The first musicians of the city executed the celebrated funeral march composed by him, and placed in his heroic symphony; the most famous poets and artists were pall-bearers, or carried torches; Hummel, who had come

from Weimar expressly to see him, placed a laurel crown upon his tomb. Prague, Berlin, and all the principal cities of Germany, paid honors to his memory, and solemnized with pomp the anniversary of his death. Such was the distinction heaped on the dust of him whose life had been one of suffering, and whose last years had been solitary, because he felt that his infirmities excluded him from human brotherhood.

BEETHOVEN.

HIS YOUTH.

AT eighteen, Louis Beethoven became conscious of new perceptions, and new capacities for joy. A young kinswoman of his mother, a beautiful, sprightly girl, whose parents lived in Cologne, came on a visit to Bonn. The voice and smile of Adelaide called his genius into full life, and he felt he had power to do as he had never done. But Adelaide could not understand him, nor appreciate his melodies, which were now of a bolder and higher, yet a tenderer cast. He never declared his love in language; but his brother Carl discovered it, and one evening, Louis overheard him and Adelaide talking of his boyish passion, and laughing at him. The girl said she "was half inclined to draw him out, it was such a capital joke!"

Pale and trembling, while he leaned against the window-seat concealed by the folds of a curtain, Louis listened to this colloquy. As his brother and cousin left the room, he rushed past them to his own apartment, locked himself in, and did not come forth that night. Afterward he took pains to shun the company of the heartless fair one; and was always out alone in his walks, or in his room, where he worked every night till quite exhausted. The first emotions of chagrin and mortification soon passed away; but he did not recover his vivacity. His warmest feelings had been cruelly outraged; the spring of love was never again to bloom for him; and it seemed, too, that the fair blossoms

of genius also were nipped in the bud. The critics of the time, fettered as they were to the established form, were shocked at his departure from their rules. Even Mozart, whose fame stood so high, whose name was pronounced with such enthusiastic admiration, what struggles had he not been forced into with those who would not approve of his so-called innovations! The youth of nineteen had struck out a bolder path! What marvel, then, that, instead of encouragement, nothing but censures awaited him? His master, Neefe, who was accustomed to boast of him as his pride and joy, now said, coldly and bitterly, his pupil had not fulfilled his cherished expectations—nay, was so taken up with his new-fangled conceits, that he feared he was for ever lost to real art.

"Is it so indeed?" asked Louis of himself in his moments of misgivings and dejection. "Is all a delusion? Have I lived till now in a false dream?"

Young Beethoven sat in his chamber, leaning his head on his hand, looking gloomily out of the vine-shaded window. There was a knock at the door; but wrapped in deep despondency, he heard it not, nor answered with a "come in."

The door was opened softly a little ways, and in the crevice appeared a long and very red nose, and a pair of small, twinkling eyes, overshadowed by coal-black bushy eyebrows. Gradually became visible

the whole withered, sallow, comical, yet good-humored face of Master Peter Pirad.

Peter Pirad was a famous kettle-drummer, and was much ridiculed on account of his partiality for that instrument, though he also excelled on many others. He always insisted that the kettle-drum was the most melodious, grand, and expressive instrument, and he would play upon *it* alone in the orchestra. But he was one of the best-hearted persons in the world. It was quite impossible to look upon his tall, gaunt, clumsy figure—which, year in and year out, appeared in the well-worn yellow woolen coat, buckskin-colored breeches, and dark worsted stockings, with his peculiar fashioned felt cap—without a strong inclination to laugh; yet, ludicrous as was his outward man, none remained long unconvinced that, spite of his exterior, spite of his numerous eccentricities, Peter Pirad was one of the most amiable of men.

From his childhood, Louis had been attached to Pirad; in later years, they had been much together. Pirad, who had been absent several months from Bonn, and had just returned, was surprised beyond measure to find his favorite so changed. He entered the room, and walking up quietly, touched the youth on the shoulder, saying, in a tone as gentle as he could assume, "Why, Louis! what the mischief has got into your head, that you would not hear me?" Louis started, turned round, and, recognizing his old friend, reached him his hand.

"You see," continued Pirad, "you see I have returned safely and happily from my visit to Vienna. Ah! Louis! Louis! that's a city for you. As for taste in art, you would go mad with the Viennese! As for artists, there are Albrechtsberger, and Haydn, Mozart, and Salieri—my dear

fellow, you *must* go to Vienna." With that Pirad threw up his arms, as if beating the kettle-drum, (he always did so when excited,) and made such comical faces, that his young companion, spite of his sorrow, could not help bursting out laughing.

"Saker!" cried Pirad, "that is clever; I like to see that you can laugh yet, it is a good sign; and now, Louis, pluck up like a man, and tell me what all this means. Why do I find you in such a bad humor, as if you had a hole in your skin, or the drums were broken—out with it? My brave boy, what is the matter with you?"

"Ah!" replied Beethoven, "much more than I can say; I have lost all hope, all trust in myself. I will tell you all my troubles, for, indeed, I cannot keep them to myself any longer!" So the melancholy youth told all to his attentive auditor; his unhappy passion for his cousin; his master's dissatisfaction with him, and his own sad misgivings.

When he had ended, Pirad remained silent awhile, his forefinger laid on his long nose, in an attitude of thoughtfulness. At length, raising his head, he gave his advice as follows: "This is a sad story, Louis; but it convinces me of the truth of what I used to say; your late excellent father—I say it with all respect to his memory—and your other friends, never knew what was really in you. As for your disappointment in love, that is always a business that brings much trouble and little profit. Women are capricious creatures at best, and no man who has a respect for himself will be a slave to their humors. I was a little touched that way myself, when I was something more than your age; but the kettle-drum soon put such nonsense out of my head. My advice is, that you stick to your

music, and let her go. For what concerns the court-organist, Neefe, I am more vexed; his absurdity is what I did not precisely expect. I will say nothing of Herr Yunker; he forgets music in his zeal for counterpoint; as if he should say he could not see the wood for the tall trees, or the city for the houses! Have I not heard him assert, ay! with my own living ears, slanderously assert, that the kettle-drum was a superfluous instrument? Only think, Louis, the kettle-drum a superfluous instrument! Donner and—! Did not the great Haydn—bless him for it!—undertake a noble symphony expressly with reference to the kettle-drum? What could you do with '*Dies iræ, dies illa,*' without the kettle-drum? I played it at Vienna in *Don Giovanni*, the chapel-master Mozart himself directing. In the spirit scene, Louis, where the statue has ended his first speech, and Don Giovanni in consternation speaks to his attendants, while the anxious heart of the appalled sinner is throbbing, the kettle-drum thundering away—"Here Pirad began to sing with tragical gesticulation. "Yes, Louis, I beat the kettle-drum with a witness, while an icy thrill crept through my bones; and for all that the kettle-drum is a useless instrument! What blockheads there are in this world! To return to your master—I wonder at his stupidity, and yet I have no cause to wonder. Now, my creed is, that art is a noble inheritance left us by our ancestors, which it is our duty to enlarge and increase by all honest and honorable means. My dear boy, I hold you for an honest heir, who would not waste your substance; who has not only power, but will to perform his duty. So take courage, be not cast down by trifles; and take my advice and go to Vienna. There you will find your mas-

ters: Mozart, Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and others not so well known. One year, nay, a few months in Vienna, will do more for you than ten years vegetating in this good city. You can soon learn, there, what you are capable of; only mind what Mozart says, when you are playing in his hearing."

The young man started up, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing with new enthusiasm, and embraced Pirad warmly. "You are right, my good friend!" he cried. "I will go to Vienna; and shame on any one who despises your counsel! Yes, I will go to Vienna."

When he told his mother of his resolution, she looked grave, and wept when all was ready for his departure. But Pirad, with a sympathizing distortion of countenance, said to her, "Be not disturbed, my good Madame van Beethoven! Louis shall come back to you much livelier than he is now; and, madame, you may comfort yourself with the hope that your son will become a great artist!"

Young Beethoven visited Vienna for the first time in the spring of the year 1792. He experienced strange emotions as he entered that great city; perhaps a dim presentiment of what he was in future years to accomplish and to suffer. He was not so fortunate this time as to find Haydn there; the artist had set out for London a few days before. He was disappointed, but the more anxious to make the acquaintance of Mozart. Albrechtsberger, Haydn's intimate friend, undertook to introduce him to Mozart.

They went several times to Mozart's house before they found him at home. At last, on a rainy day, they were fortunate. They heard him from the street, playing; our young hero's heart beat wildly as they went

up the steps, for he looked on that dwelling as the temple of art. When they were in the hall, they saw, through a side-door that stood open, Mozart, sitting playing the piano; close by him sat a short, fat man, with a shining red face; and at the window, Madame Mozart, holding her youngest son, Wolfgang, on her lap, while the eldest was sitting on the floor at her feet.

The composer greeted Albrechtsberger cordially, and looked inquiringly on his young companion.

"Herr van Beethoven from Bonn," said Albrechtsberger, presenting his friend; "an excellent composer, and skilful musician, who is desirous of making your acquaintance."

"You are heartily welcome, both of you, and I shall expect you to remain and dine with me to-day," said Mozart; and taking Louis by the hand, he led him to the window where his wife sat. "This is my Constance," he continued, "and these are my boys; this little fellow is but three months old"—and throwing his arm around Constance's neck, he stooped and kissed the smiling infant.

Louis looked with surprise on the great artist. He had fancied him quite different in his exterior; a tall man, of powerful frame, like Handel. He saw a slight, low figure, wrapped in a furred coat, notwithstanding the warmth of the season; his pale face showed the evidences of long-continued ill-health; his large, bright, speaking eyes alone reminded one of the genius that had created *Idomeneus* and *Don Giovanni*.

"So you, too, are a composer?" asked the fat man, coming up to Beethoven. "Look you, sir, I will tell you what to do; lay yourself out for the opera; the opera is the great thing!"

Louis looked at him in surprise and silence.

"Master Emanuel Schickaneder, the famous impressario," said Albrechtsberger, scarcely controlling his disposition to laugh.

"Yes," continued the fat man, assuming an air of importance, "I tell you I know the public, and know how to get the weak side of it; if Mozart would only be led by me, he could do well! I say if you will compose me something—by the way, here is a season ticket; I shall be happy if you will visit my theatre; to-morrow night we shall perform the *Magic Flute*; it is an admirable piece, some of the music is first-rate, some not so good, and I myself play the Papageno."

"You ought to do something in that line," said Mozart, laughing, "your singing puts one in mind of an unoiled door-hinge."

The impressario took a pinch of snuff, and answered with an important air, "I can tell you, sir, the singing is quite a secondary thing in the opera, for I know the public."

Here several persons, invited guests of the composer, came in; among them Mozart's pupils, Sutzmayr and Holff, with the Abbé Stadler and the excellent tenorist, Peyerl. After an hour or so spent in agreeable conversation, enlivened by an air from Mozart, they went to the dinner-table. Schickaneder here played his part well, doing ample justice to the viands and wine. The dinner was really excellent; and the host, notwithstanding his appearance of feeble health, was in first-rate spirits, abounding in gayety, which soon communicated itself to the rest of the company. After they had dined, and the coffee had been brought in, Mozart took his new acquaintance apart from the others, and asked if he could be of any service to him.

Louis pressed the master's hand, and without hesitation gave his histo-

ry, and informed him of his plans; concluding by asking his advice.

Mozart listened with a benevolent smile; and when he had ended, said, "Come, you must let me hear you play." With that, he led him to an admirable instrument in another apartment; opened it, and invited him to select a piece of music.

"Will you give me a theme?" asked Louis.

The master looked surprised; but without reply wrote some lines on a leaf of paper, and handed it to the young man. Beethoven looked over it; it was a difficult chromatic fugue theme, the intricacy of which demanded much skill and experience. But without being discouraged, he collected all his powers, and began to execute it.

Mozart did not conceal the surprise and pleasure he felt when Louis first began to play. The youth perceived the impression he had made, and was stimulated to more spirited efforts.

As he proceeded, the master's pale cheek flushed, his eyes sparkled; and stepping on tiptoe to the open door, he whispered to his guests, "Listen, I beg of you! You shall have something worth hearing."

That moment rewarded all the pains, and banished all the apprehensions of the young aspirant after excellence. Louis went through his trial-piece with admirable spirit, sprang up, and went to Mozart; seizing both his hands and pressing them to his throbbing heart, he murmured, "I also am an artist!"

"You are indeed!" cried Mozart, "and no common one! And what may be wanting, you will not fail to find, and make your own. The grand thing, the living spirit, you bore

within you from the beginning, as all do who possess it. Come back soon to Vienna, my young friend—very soon! Father Haydn, Albrechtsberger, friend Stadler, and I will receive you with open arms; and if you need advice or assistance, we will give it you to the best of our ability."

The other guests crowded round Beethoven, and hailed him as a worthy pupil of art! Even the silly impressario looked at him with vastly increased respect, and said, "I can tell you, I know the public—well, we will talk more of the matter this evening over a glass of wine."

"I also am an artist!" repeated Louis to himself, when he returned late to his lodgings.

Much improved in spirits, and re-inspired with confidence in himself, he returned to Bonn, and ere long put in practice his scheme of paying Vienna a second visit.

This he accomplished at the elector's expense; being sent by him to complete his studies under the direction of Haydn. That great man failed to perceive how fine a genius had been intrusted to him. Nature had endowed them with opposite qualities; the inspiration of Haydn was under the dominion of order and method; that of Beethoven sported with them both, and set both at defiance.

When Haydn was questioned of the merits of his pupil, he would answer with a shrug of his shoulders—"He executes extremely well." If his early productions were cited as giving evidence of talent and fire, he would reply, "He touches the instrument admirably." To Mozart belonged the praise of having recognized at once, and proclaimed to his friends, the wonderful powers of the young composer.

FRANZ LISZT.

THE personal adventures of Franz Liszt were so peculiar, and his individual traits were so interesting, that in making a romance out of his career biographers have been apt to overlook the importance of his place in the history of modern music. That will be more justly and more highly valued hereafter, when apocryphal stories of his eccentricities and his escapades are no longer sought with avidity by a sensation-loving public, and supplied in quantities and patterns to suit the demand. In truth, there was matter enough in his early and middle life to keep gossips busy. He was not only one of the most astonishing pianists who ever lived, but he was also one of the most brilliant and erratic personages who ever dazzled that alluring world where art and society, genius and fashion, condescend to each other and frolic in company. The Parisian Bohemia in which he reigned was not a paradise of beer and tobacco, populated by jovial poor students and reckless journalists; it was a land flowing with Burgundy and sparkling with wax-lights, a pleasure-land of unconventional aristocrats, prosperous poets, and successful artists, among whom nobody shone without rank, or fame, or at least some piquant kind of notoriety. Only the union of remarkable gifts with the most audacious vagaries could have made Liszt what he was to the Paris of half a century ago—the despair of other artists, the wonder of the concert-room, the favorite of the *salon*, the idol of susceptible women, at once a fascination and a riddle, by turns a recluse and a man of the world, a fashionable *roué* and a St. Simonian philosopher, the most striking figure in a circle of notabilities which even Paris has not often matched, and the most impressive musician in an art-epoch to which Chopin was teaching the poetry of the piano and Thalberg revealing unimagined possibilities of execution.

His later life was more decorous than these years of riotous triumph, but it was not less picturesque. When he gave up the exciting rôle of a virtuoso, it was to play the benign part of a general musical Mentor. In his quasi-retirement he never shrank very resolutely from the public gaze. At the grand-ducal court of Weimar he made the opera-house illustrious by a model representation of neglected master-works, and the connoisseurs of all Europe learned to watch that little capital, long famous by

its artistic and literary glories, for interpretations of the musical drama unique in their high purpose and reverential fidelity. When he received the tonsure and betook himself to Rome for intervals of monastic quiet the public tongue wagged faster than ever. He never "entered the church," as many imagined. He only haunted the gate of the outer courts and rested there awhile in its shadow, assuming no clerical obligations, and nothing of the clerical character except an unmeaning courtesy-title and a close row of buttons on his straight coat. He was now the greatest living master of his art, and perhaps it seemed convenient to borrow a little sobriety from the sanctuary. But Liszt was also sensitive to religious impressions and profoundly moved by the grandeur and beauty of the church, and in his last years all his finest thoughts were inspired by sacred themes. I met him at Bayreuth in 1876, where a little court clustered around him, comprising ladies of title, distinguished artists, and young musicians from many parts of the world. He passed his days receiving incense; but in the early morning I used to see him at Mass in the church, alone, and very simple and devout in his demeanor. He was a man in whom the religious temperament, at all events, was highly developed. He has been the subject of a copious literature, scandalous enough in early days, but overflowing in these recent years with testimonies of strong affection. For he not only founded a splendid original school of playing, but by his charm of manner, his tender and sympathetic disposition, his gentleness towards the young and earnest, and his fine generosity he converted his multitude of pupils into ardent disciples, who have traversed the world telling stories in his honor.

The appearance of Liszt was a part of the general movement of Romanticism, which, after deeply affecting literature, especially in Germany and England, began to exercise a remarkable influence upon musical and dramatic art. In England the romantic drama had always flourished since Shakspeare, while in music romanticism had never obtained, and has not yet obtained, the slightest foothold. In Germany the reaction against classical formality could be traced as far back as the later works of Beethoven, and was clearly marked in Schumann's songs and piano pieces. But it was in France that romanticism presented the most curious study. Here the new movement was for a while a noisy revolution. The poetry of Victor Hugo and the acted plays of Hugo and Dumas, with their bold defiance of conventionalisms which French art had regarded almost as axiomatic

truths, produced a comic disturbance in mercurial Paris, where the literary debate quite reached the fervor of politics. The romanticists broke with the established school in their choice of subjects, in their feeling for the past, and in their imaginative treatment of purely ideal conditions ; but their rebellion was also a defiance of certain stringent rules of composition, for which no better reason could be given than that, like Sir Anthony Absolute, they were old and arbitrary. Perhaps it was the best service of romanticism, not that it extended the choice of literary subjects, but that it made this fight for liberty the final and successful contest against the periwig style of poetry, the drama of dress-swords and red heels, of togas and buskins.

The three men who did most to extend the principles of the new school into the domain of music were Franz Liszt, Hector Berlioz, and Richard Wagner. Only the second of these was a Frenchman, but all three happened to be working in the French capital at the same time. Liszt was at the height of prosperity, so fortunate and so fond of pleasure that his capacity for serious undertakings was probably not suspected. Wagner, hungry and disheartened, earning a miserable pittance by hack-work for the music-sellers, and rebuffed by the opera-houses, looked up at the famous pianist as Lazarus looked up at Dives. They only brushed each other's skirts in passing ; one little suspecting that the shabby young German was a transcendent genius, the other as little imagining that the illustrious Hungarian was to become his best friend and interpreter. Berlioz was not on intimate terms with either of his great musical contemporaries, though in art matters he had more in common with both of them than they or he, perhaps, ever acknowledged. Proud, sensitive, irritable, poor, misunderstood, neglected, raging at the insincerity and mediocrity of popular favorites and the ignorance and frivolity of the public, he was doubtless unhappier than Wagner, because the source of so much of his misery lay less in the injustice of fortune than in his own heart. He did not live to taste the reward of appreciation. It was not until long after his death that the world realized what he had done for the progress of music ; and even then the popularity of his compositions was a fashion rather than a well-grown fame. In Liszt and Wagner the romantic spirit expressed itself in the choice of subjects quite as plainly as in the method of treatment. In Berlioz the subject was of less consequence ; the great innovation was the discarding of established forms for the sake of the fullest possible development of the poetical idea. Possibly one of these days the rules of con-

struction observed by the classical composers, especially in large works such as symphonies and operas, will seem as pedantic as the laws of the mediæval mastersingers. Berlioz, at all events, found them absurd. In his zeal for their destruction he became, if not the founder, certainly the most successful apostle, of "Programme Music," which undertakes to illustrate a definite poetical text, and to follow it, thought by thought, without reference to the conventional restrictions as to form. The principle of free expression is carried into every department of music, including the song and the opera; but its most striking use is in the symphony, and in those complex works for many voices and instruments for which no precise designation has yet been agreed upon. The habit of Berlioz was to write out a synopsis of a poem or poetical fragment, and to represent every item in this text by an appropriate musical passage. To understand the music it was necessary to read the programme as one listened. Sometimes the effect was admirable, for Berlioz had moments of high inspiration; in his musical setting of *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, there are pages of ravishing beauty, which bring before us scenes of the drama even more vividly than the acting stage. But it is obvious that the system must often confound the provinces of music and speech, throwing upon the former art a function to which it is essentially incompetent, or else reducing it from the dignity of an independent exponent of noble and poetical thought to the humbler place of a mere accompaniment of the printed line. Berlioz not only marred his music by thus degrading its rôle, but in trying to be faithful to his text he was sometimes betrayed into the most prosaic realism. Thus in the famous *Marche au Supplice*, which enters into the opium-dreams of his love-sick artist, the representation of the procession to the scaffold closes with an imitation of the chop of the headsman's axe—a contrivance which is probably the most hideously vulgar effect in any reputable piece of music. He had that imperfect perception of the grotesque which seems to be a common defect of the French genius. In his occasional inability to distinguish between the poetic and the merely sensational, his lack of that fine, incommunicable, sure artistic sense which we call taste, he sometimes reminds us of Victor Hugo. Moreover, for the conception of the purest music there is surely need of a serenity, dignity, and abstraction of mind which lift the composer above turbulence and passion. We doubt whether Berlioz ever attained repose of soul except for brief and infrequent moments. If we read his painful *Memoirs*, filled with extravagance, bitterness, contempt, despair,

vanity, self-pity, and absurdity, and saddest when they are most absurd, we shall understand why his music speaks to us so often of grandiose fancies and so rarely of lofty aspiration, so often of vexation and struggle and so rarely of calm delight.

Liszt also has been classed among the writers of Programme Music. That place, perhaps, may suit him if we call the compositions of the Berlioz school "Panorama Music"; but between the French and the Hungarian master there is an important difference of method. Liszt never attempted to make music represent language, or even definite thoughts; he seldom used it as an illustration of any particular words or actions; at most he wished it to call up in the listener the state of mind which was his when he wrote it. The series of compositions for the orchestra to which he gave the name of Symphonic Poems are the best examples of his plan. These are all based upon a text—a poem, a poetic extract, a painting, a biography—but the musician employs it only as an inspiration for himself and a general hint for his audience. It is not at all a guide to the contents of the composition. It is sometimes a help to enjoyment, but the music, whose value is absolute and complete in itself, can always do without it. I say sometimes a help to enjoyment; the *Tasso*, for instance, is made more interesting by the prefatory lines which tell us that it symbolizes the sufferings and triumph of the poet, and that it is founded upon a song in which the Venetian gondoliers celebrate his memory; on the other hand, I am by no means sure that the magnificent movement of *Les Préludes* derives any additional effect from the fragment of Lamartine by which it was suggested. The text, with Liszt, is only the point of departure. The idea which he proceeds to follow out is not literary, but purely musical, and he treats it by a purely musical method, with all the art of the classical symphonist. There is no thought of forcing his musical theme into correspondence with the changes of the poet's fancies; the object is only to develop its own beauty and suggestiveness. Thus it is that the Symphonic Poems are distinguished by a simplicity and unity in which the parallel works of Berlioz are lacking. They are not all beautiful, for Liszt's imagination sometimes led him a strange road; but when they are charming their charm is complete and continuous, while the most striking music of the Programme school, exhibiting snips and patches of unrelated melody, too often reminds us of a crazy-quilt.

Liszt therefore differs from Berlioz essentially in the manner of looking at his subject—perhaps it would be better to say of

feeling his subject. It is in their independence of hampering rules of construction that the two masters agreed. Subject only to certain well-understood principles of rhythm and harmony, they claimed entire freedom in the musical expression of their feelings. The classical school allowed no such liberty. First subject and second subject, theme and variation, development and combination, must follow one another in due order; and in the older writers each subdivision was rounded off with a little flourish, which meant nothing musically, but served to mark the boundary-lines and keep the sections apart. Somebody has compared these separation passages to the stuffing in which eggs are packed. In Haydn's symphonies they are quite obvious; in the opera, until Wagner's time, they were so conspicuous that a large part, even of the most popular works, consisted of worthless filling; they were thought indispensable in the song, and they figured largely in solos for the pianoforte. Liszt had no use for them, because he paid no respect to arbitrary divisions. There is no trace in the Symphonic Poems of the systematic arrangement of sections and subsections in which the art of musical construction was supposed largely to lie. Even in the two longer works, the *Faust* and *Dante*, to which Liszt gave the name and something of the conventional outline of "symphonies," the musical impulse flows steadily on without regard to customary boundaries. The pianoforte music of Liszt, embracing almost every species of composition for that instrument, is characterized by similar, or even greater, freedom; and in his songs the subordination of the constructive plan to the poetical and musical sentiment is complete. The same principle of free feeling is carried out in his sacred music. Although not much that he has done in this department has been adopted by the churches, nearly all of it is profoundly religious in spirit. The oratorio and the sacred cantata, perhaps, owe him a new lease of life. It needs courage to speak disrespectfully of those allied art-forms, illustrated by the genius of Handel and so often consecrated to noble purposes; but it is certain that they have no hold upon the people except in backward-looking England, where the middle-classes regard them with the same just, measured, and respectful affection which is extended to the British constitution and the lord-chancellor's wig. Here they have never been cultivated save from a sense of duty, and at present we can hardly say that they are cultivated at all. Some excellent persons persuade themselves that they enjoy oratorios; but in most cases this is an amiable delusion. There are passages, of course, in all the great

works of this class, to which no one with musical sensibilities can listen without delight. But the complaint that oratorio belongs to an antiquated pattern of composition is not unreasonable. Old-fashioned things are not always the best. The formality of the oratorio is hopelessly at odds with the restless and impulsive modern temperament. It is impossible to imagine a man of our time inventing such an art-form; and it is an unwise reverence for ancient authority which induces composers to go on repeating devices adapted to the taste of an earlier generation. The oratorio of the future must differ widely from the oratorio of the past. It is not to be supposed that Liszt's *Christus* will ever displace Handel's *Messiah*; but it may well turn out that the Hungarian composer has indicated the lines upon which Handel's successors will have to modify the sacred music of festivals and concert-rooms.

While we assign a high importance to Liszt's innovations, we must all admit that their immediate success with popular audiences has been questionable. The most remarkable and original of his orchestral works, the Symphonic Poems, have always been a puzzle. Ten years ago, in a conversation with him about music in America, I mentioned that the whole series of these compositions had been performed in New York. He shook his head, with a serious smile, and remarked that no city of Europe had treated him so well as that. One, at least, of the poems had never been played anywhere except in New York. With us, in several cases, the performance was at best a curious experiment; it cannot be said that more than two or three of the set really won acceptance with the public, and the interest in them for a few years past has been growing not greater but less. The truth is that, while Liszt possessed the artistic temperament in a phenomenal degree, his æsthetic perceptions were always imperfect. The last refinements of a cultivated sensibility struggled in him with the inherited instincts of a half-barbaric taste—barbaric delight in splendors and surprises of sound, in passionate movement, in startling and changing rhythm, in strong sensations, in fierce contrasts. Hence there is a great deal of his music which astonishes but does not please. It can only be described as ugly music. This is enough to account for the failure of his symphonic compositions to keep their ground after their novelty was gone. It is still more significant that they have not been imitated. Saint-Saëns has produced a few Symphonic Poems, but they are illustrations of particular incidents rather than poems in Liszt's sense, and they do not constitute an ex-

ception to the general statement that composers have concurred in rejecting the new art-form and keeping to the old style of symphony, with its divisions and fences and laws of form substantially intact. They are doubtless wise. The free system may suit a musician of genius whose thought is clear and manageable; but most composers will fail to produce a symmetrical, compact, intelligible work unless the ground-plan is measured out for them in advance.

The influence of Liszt, then, has not been at its strongest in the establishment of new forms, but it has infused freshness and the spirit of freedom into the treatment of the old. There is no successful composer of the present day who has not felt the life-giving impulse which pulses in Liszt's vigorous genius, and who has not learned from him many a secret of poetical expression. In the art of pianoforte playing, as well as in compositions for that instrument, he brought in a new era, enormously enlarging the capacities of the performer, while he gave a new richness and meaning to the music. Here he reached an unbounded popular success, which time has not impaired. It used to be thought that Thalberg had carried the technique of the piano to the furthest possible point; it seemed as if he had found what pianists had long wanted—a third hand to fill up the middle parts while right and left were busy at opposite ends of the key-board. But Liszt surpassed even Thalberg's wonderful technique. His music sounded fuller, his harmonic combinations more extended, his command of the range of the instrument more complete; and with all this was the abounding passion whose intense accents made us forget the marvels of execution. Such brilliant effects were not altogether the result of Liszt's personal accomplishments and temper. Most of them he taught to his pupils and perpetuated in his printed scores. They are reproduced, more or less imperfectly, in every concert-room and in thousands of private houses; and, like all the other manifestations of his poetical spirit, they have left an impression upon the character and tendencies of the art which will not soon be obscured.

In a record of his services to music it would be a great error to overlook his influence in raising the standards of excellence among the working members of the profession. How much he did for the advancement of the technique of the piano every amateur understands. What he did for the orchestra is not so well known. He shares with Hector Berlioz the credit of inventing many daring and beautiful combinations of instruments, and of treating individual instruments in novel and delightful

ways. Berlioz probably excelled all other masters of our time in the intimate knowledge of the characters and capabilities of every component part of the band; but his felicity in the arrangement of striking tone-effects sometimes led him into excessive indulgence in such experiments. Liszt's use of a parallel talent was more discreet, and his orchestral coloring, while hardly less brilliant and original than that of Berlioz, is more homogeneous and satisfying. As a painter would say, he understands "values." The inventions and methods of both these masters have become the common property of musicians, and nearly all the best recent works for the orchestra are full of them. But the new mode of writing supposes a very different sort of band from that which the old symphonists worked with. An orchestra is now treated as a company of virtuosi, and the principal men in such organizations as that of Thomas are required to be artists of high training. The ability of orchestra-players has been rising for many years. A wonderful improvement has taken place since Beethoven had to lay aside a *Leonora* overture because the opera-band could not play it. Only forty years ago, however, some of the most respectable orchestras of Germany found the music of Berlioz beyond their powers when the French composer made a professional tour of that country. The condition of things has changed very rapidly since then, and the change has been hastened principally by the new demands of the new composers. Liszt's influence in this direction was incalculable. He not only gave a powerful incentive to technical training, but he taught orchestral players to bring to their work feeling, expression, and a sense of individuality; and he taught conductors how to use the new powers of their men.

HAYDN'S FIRST LESSONS IN MUSIC AND LOVE.

I

THE Hungarians, like the Austrians and Bohemians, have great love for music. "Three fiddles and a dulcimer for two houses," says the proverb; and it is a true one. It is not unusual, therefore, for some out of the poorer classes, when their regular business fails to bring them in sufficient for their wants, to take to the fiddle, the dulcimer, or the harp, playing on holidays on the highway or in taverns. This employment is generally lucrative enough, if they

are not spendthrifts, to enable them not only to live, but to lay by something for future necessities.

An honest wheelwright, called "merry Jobst," on account of his stories and jokes, lived with Elschen his wife, in a cottage in the hamlet Rohrau, on the borders of Hungary and Austria. They were accustomed to sit by the wayside near the inn on holidays; Jobst fiddling, and Elschen playing the harp and singing with her sweet, clear voice. Almost every traveller stopped to listen, well pleased, and on resuming his journey

threw often a silver twopence into the lap of the pretty young woman. Jobst and his wife, on returning home in the evening, found their day's work a good one.

The old cantor of the neighboring town of Haimburg passed along the road one afternoon, and in the arbor, opposite the tavern, sat merry Jobst fiddling, and beside him pretty Elschen, playing the harp and singing. Between them, on the ground, sat a little chubby-faced boy about three years old, who had a small board shaped like a violin hung about his neck, on which he played with a willow twig as with a genuine fiddle-bow. The most comical and surprising thing of all was, that the little man kept perfect time, pausing when his father paused and his mother had a solo, then falling in with his father again, and demeaning himself exactly like him. Often, too, he would lift up his clear voice, and join distinctly in the refrain of the song.

"Is that your boy, fiddler?" asked the music-teacher.

"Yes, sir, that is my little Seperl."*

"The little fellow seems to have a taste for music."

"Why not? I shall take him as soon as I can to one who can teach him."

The cantor came from this time twice a week to the house of merry Jobst to talk with him about his little son, and the youngster himself was soon the best of friends with the good-natured old man. So matters went on for two years, at the end of which time the cantor said to Jobst, "If you will trust your boy with me, I will take him, and teach him what he must learn to become a brave lad and skilful musician."

Jobst did not hesitate long, for he saw clearly how great an advantage

the instruction of Master Wolferl would be to his son. And though it went harder with pretty Elschen to part with Joseph, who was her only child, yet she gave up at last. She packed up the boy's scanty wardrobe in a bundle, gave him a slice of bread and salt and a cup of milk, embraced and blessed him, and accompanied him to the door of the cottage, where she signed him with the sign of the cross three times, and then returned to her chamber. Jobst went with them half way to Haimburg, and then returned, while Wolferl and Joseph pursued their way till they reached Wolferl's house, the end of their journey.

Wolferl was an old bachelor, but one whose heart, despite his gray hairs, was still youthful and warm. He gave daily lessons to the little Joseph, and taught him good principles, as well as how to sing and to play on the horn and kettle-drum; and Joseph profited thereby, as well as by the other instructions he received in music.

Years passed, and Joseph was a well-instructed boy; he had a voice as clear and fine as his mother's, and played the violin as well as his father; he likewise blew the horn, and beat the kettle-drum, in the sacred music prepared by Wolferl for church festivals. Better than all, Joseph had a true and honest heart; had the fear of God continually before his eyes, and was ever contented, and wished well to all.

The more Wolferl perceived the lad's wonderful talent for art, the more earnestly he sought to find a patron for him, for he felt that his own strength could reach little further, when he saw the zeal and ability with which his pupil devoted himself to his studies. Providence so ordered it at length that Master von Reuter, chapel-master and musical

* The diminutive for "Joseph," in the dialect of the country.

director in St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, came to visit the deacon at Haimburg. The deacon told Master von Reuter of the extraordinary boy, the son of the wheelwright Jobst Haydn, the pupil of old Wolferl, and created in the chapel-master much desire to become acquainted with him. The next morning, accordingly, Von Reuter went to Wolferl's house, which he entered quietly and unannounced. Joseph was sitting alone at the organ, playing a simple but sublime piece of sacred music from an old German master. Reuter, astonished and delighted, stood at the door and listened attentively. The boy was so deep in his music that he did not perceive the intruder till the piece was concluded, when, accidentally turning round, he fixed upon the stranger his large dark eyes, expressive of astonishment indeed, but sparkling a friendly welcome.

"Very well played, my son!" said Von Reuter at last. "Where is your foster-father?"

"In the garden," said the boy; "shall I call him?"

"Call him, and say to him that the chapel-master Von Reuter wishes to speak to him. Stop a moment! You are Joseph Haydn, are you not?"

"Yes, I am Seperl."

"Well, then, go."

Joseph went and brought his old master, Wolferl, who with uncovered head and low obeisance welcomed the chapel-master and music director at St. Stephen's to his humble abode. Von Reuter, on his part, praised the musical skill of his *protégé*, inquired particularly concerning the lad's attainments, and examined him formally himself. Joseph passed the examination in such a manner that Reuter's satisfaction increased with every answer. After this he spent some

time in close conference with old Wolferl; and it was near noon before he took his departure. Joseph was invited to accompany him and spend the rest of the day at the deacon's.

Eight days after, old Wolferl, Jobst, and pretty Elschen, the younger son, little Michael, on her lap, sat very dejectedly together, and talked of the good Joseph, who had gone that morning with Master von Reuter to Vienna, to take his place as chorister in St. Stephen's church.

II.

Wenzel Puderlein, a noted hairdresser in the Leopoldstadt of Vienna, was one day dressing the hair of the Baron von Swieten, first physician to the empress, when he heard the great man's son ask permission to present to him a wonderful young musician, whose talents were beginning to attract public attention. Puderlein was happy to say he knew all about him, having long been hairdresser to the chapel-master Von Reuter, in whose house young Haydn had lived ten or eleven years. He had been chorister at St. Stephen's, but had been obliged to relinquish the position two years before, having lost his fine, clear soprano voice after a severe illness.

"And what does young Haydn now?" asked the baron.

"Ah! your honor, the poor fellow must find it hard to live by giving lessons, playing, and thus picking up what he can; he sometimes also composes, or what do they call it? He lives in the house with Metastasio; not in the first story, like the court poet, but in the fifth; and when it is winter, he has to lie in bed and work, to keep himself from freezing; he has a fire-place in his chamber, but no money to buy wood to burn therein."

"This must not be; this shall not

be!" cried the Baron von Swieten, as he rose from his seat. "Am I ready?"

"One moment, your honor—only the string around the hair-bag."

"It is very good as it is. Now begone!"

Puderlein vanished.

"And you, help me on with my coat, give me my stick and hat, and bring me your young teacher this afternoon." Therewith he departed; and young Von Swieten, full of joy, went to the writing-table to indite an invitation to Haydn to come to his father's house.

Meanwhile Joseph Haydn sat sorrowful, and almost despairing, in his chamber. He had passed the morning, contrary to his usual custom, in idle brooding over his condition. Now it appeared quite hopeless, and his cheerfulness seemed about to take leave of him for ever, like his only friend and protectress, Mademoiselle de Martinez. That young lady had left the city a few hours before. Haydn had instructed her in singing, and in playing the harpsichord; and by way of recompense, he enjoyed the privilege of boarding and lodging in the fifth story in the house of Metastasio. All this now ceased with the lady's departure, and Joseph was poorer than before; for all that he had saved he had sent conscientiously to his parents, only keeping so much as sufficed to furnish him with decent though plain clothing.

"But where now?" thought he; and asked himself, sobbing aloud, "Where shall I go, without money?"

Just then, without any previous knocking, the door of his chamber was opened, and, with bold carriage and sparkling eyes, entered Master Wenzel Puderlein.

"Come to me!" cried the hair-dresser, while he stretched his curling-irons like a sceptre toward Joseph, and

pressed his powder-bag with an air of feeling to his heart. "To me! I will be your father; I will foster and protect you; for I have feeling for the grand and the sublime, and have discerned your genius. I will lead you to art—I myself; and if, before long, you be not in full chase, and have not captured her, why, you must be a fool, and I will give you up!"

"Ah! worthy Master Puderlein," cried Haydn, surprised, "you would not receive me when I know not where to go nor what to do?"

"Now, sit you down on that stool," said Puderlein, "and do not stir till I give you leave. I will show the world what a man of genius can make of an indifferent head."

"Are you determined, then, to do me the honor of dressing my hair, Master von Puderlein?"

"Ask no questions; but sit still."

Joseph obediently seated himself, and Wenzel began to dress his hair according to the latest mode.

When he had done, he said with much self-congratulation, "Really, Haydn, when I look at you and think what you were before I set your head right, and what you are now, I may, without presumption, call you a being of my own creation. Now pay attention: you are to dress yourself as quickly as possible, and collect your movables together, that I may send to fetch them this evening. Then betake yourself to the Leopoldstadt, to my house on the Danube, No. 7; go up the steps, knock at the door, present my compliments to the young lady my daughter, and tell her you are so and so, and that Master von Puderlein sent you; and if you are hungry and thirsty, call for something to eat and a glass of Ofener or Klosteruenburger; after which you may remain quiet till I come home, and tell you further what I design for you. Adieu!"

Therewith Master Wenzel Puderlein rolled himself out of the door, and Joseph stood awhile with his hair admirably well dressed, but a little disconcerted, in the middle of his chamber. When he had collected his thoughts at length, he gave thanks with tears to God, who had inclined the heart of his generous protector toward him, and put an end to his bitter necessity; then he gathered, as Puderlein had told him, his few clothes and many musical notes together, dressed himself carefully in his best, shut up his chamber, and after he had taken leave, not without emotion, of the rich Metastasio, walked away cheerfully and confidently, his heart full of joy and his head full of new melodies, toward the Leopoldstadt and the house of his patron.

III.

When young Von Swieten came half an hour later to ask for the young composer, Signor Metastasio could not inform him where "Giuseppe" had gone. How many hours of despondency did this forgetfulness on the part of the renowned poet prepare for the poor, unknown, yet incomparably greater artist, Haydn!

When Joseph, after a long walk, stood at length before Puderlein's house, he experienced some novel sensations, which may have been consequent on the thought that he was to introduce himself to a young lady and converse with her; an idea which, from his constitutional bashfulness and his ignorance of the world, was rather formidable to him. But the step must be taken, nevertheless. He summoned all his courage and knocked at the door. It was opened, and a handsome damsel of eighteen or nineteen presented herself before the trembling young man.

In great embarrassment he faltered

forth his compliments and his message from Master Wenzel. The pretty Nanny listened to him with an expression of pleasure, and of sympathy for the forlorn condition of her visitor. When he had ended, she took him by the hand, to his no small terror, without the least embarrassment, and led him into the parlor, saying in insinuating tones, "Come in, Master Haydn, it is all right. I am sure my papa means well with you; for he concerns himself for every dunce he meets, and would take a poor wretch in for having only good hair on his head! But you must give in to his humors a little; for he is sometimes a trifle peculiar. Now tell me, what will you have? Do not be bashful; it is a good while since noon, and you must be hungry from your long walk."

Joseph could not deny that such was the case, and modestly asked for a piece of bread and a glass of water. Nanny, laughing, tripped out of the room. Ere long she returned, followed by an apprentice whom she had loaded with cold meats, a flask of wine, tumblers, etc. She arranged the table, filled Joseph's glass, and invited him to help himself to the cold pastry and whatever else awaited his choice. The youth fell to, timidly at first, then with more courage, till, after he had, at Nanny's persuasion, emptied a couple of glasses, he took heart to attack the cold meats more vigorously than he had done for a long time before; making the observation mentally that if Mademoiselle Nanny Puderlein was not quite as *distingué* and accomplished as his departed patroness, the honored Mademoiselle de Martinez, still, as far as youth, beauty, and polite manners were concerned, she would not suffer by a comparison with the most distinguished dames in Vienna. When Master Wenzel Puderlein came home an hour or two later, he

found Joseph in high spirits, with sparkling eyes and cheeks like the rose, already more than half in love with the pretty Nanny.

Joseph Haydn lived thus many months in the house of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher and renowned *friseur* in the Leopoldstadt of Vienna, and not a man in the imperial city knew where the poor but gifted and well-educated artist and composer was gone. In vain he was sought by his few friends; in vain by young Von Swieten; in vain, at last, by Metastasio himself. Joseph had disappeared from Vienna without leaving a trace. Wenzel Puderlein kept his abode carefully concealed, and wondered and lamented, like the rest, over his loss, when his aristocratic customers, believing he knew every thing, asked him if he could give them any information as to what had become of Joseph. He thought he had good reason and undoubted right to exercise now the hitherto unpractised virtue of silence; because, as he said to himself, he only aimed at making Joseph the happiest man in the world!

Joseph cheerfully resigned himself to the purposes of his friend, and was only too happy to be able undisturbed to study Sebastian Bach's works, to try his skill in composing quartetts, to eat as much as he wanted, and, day after day, to see and chat with the fair Nanny. It never occurred to him to notice that he lived, in a manner, as a prisoner in Puderlein's house; that all day he was banished to the garden behind the dwelling or to his own snug chamber, and only permitted to go out in the evening with Wenzel and his daughter. It never occurred to him to wish for other acquaintances than their nearest neighbors, among whom he was known simply as "Master Joseph;" and he cheerfully delivered

every Saturday to Master Wenzel the stipulated number of minuets, waltzes, etc., which he was ordered to compose. Puderlein carried the pieces regularly to a music-dealer in the Leopoldstadt, who paid him two convention-guilders for every full-toned minuet, and for other pieces in proportion. This money the hair-dresser conscientiously locked up in a chest, to use it, when the time should come, for Joseph's advantage. With this view, he inquired earnestly about Joseph's greater works, and whether he would not soon be prepared to produce something which would do him credit in the eyes of the more distinguished part of the public.

"Ah! yes, indeed," replied the young man. "This quartetto, when I shall have finished it, might be ventured before the public; for I hope to make something good of it. Yet what can I do? No publisher would take it, because I have no distinguished patron to whom I could dedicate it!"

"That will all come in time," said Puderlein, smiling. "Do you get the thing ready, yet without neglecting the dances."

Joseph went to work; yet every day he appeared more deeply in love with the pretty Nanny; and the damsel herself looked with very evident favor on the dark though handsome youth. Wenzel saw the progress of things with satisfaction; the lovers behaved with great propriety, and he suffered matters to go on in their own way, only interfering, with a little assumed surliness, if Joseph at any time forgot his tasks in idle talk, or Nanny her housekeeping.

But not with such eyes saw Mosjo Ignatz, Puderlein's journeyman and factotum hitherto; for he thought himself possessed of a prior claim to the love of Nanny. It was gall and

wormwood to Ignatz to see Joseph and the fair girl together. He would often fain have interposed his powder-bag and curling-irons between them when he heard them singing tender duets; for Nanny had really a charming voice, was very fond of music, and was Joseph's zealous pupil in singing.

At length Ignatz could no longer endure the torments of jealousy. One morning he sought out the master of the house, to discover to him the secret of the lovers. How great was his astonishment when Master Wenzel, instead of falling into a violent passion and turning Joseph out of doors without further ado, replied, with a smile, that he was well pleased to have it so. In vain Ignatz urged his own prior claims to Nanny's favor, and the encouragement he had received from father and daughter. His pretensions were treated with the utmost scorn.

The journeyman declared he would instantly quit the hair-dresser's treacherous roof, and him and his periwig stock. He hastened to pack up his goods, demanded and received his wages, and left the house vowing vengeance against its inmates. Puderlein was incensed; Nanny laughed; Joseph sat in the garden, troubling himself about nothing but his quartetto, at which he was working.

Wenzel Puderlein saw the hour approaching when the attention of the imperial city, and of the world, would be directed to him as the protector and benefactor of a great musical genius. The dances Joseph had composed for the music-dealer in the Leopoldstadt were played again, and again in the halls of the nobility. All praised the lightness, the sprightliness and grace that distinguished them; but all inquiries were vain, at the music-dealer's, respecting the name of the composer. None

VOL. X.—18

knew him, and Joseph himself had no idea what a sensation the pieces he had thrown off so easily created in the world. Master Wenzel, however, was well aware of it, and waited with impatience the completion of the first quartetto. At length the manuscript was ready. Puderlein received it, took it to the music publisher, and had it sent to press immediately, which the sums he had from time to time laid by for Joseph enabled him to do. Haydn, who was confident his protector would do every thing for his advantage, committed all to his hands; he commenced a new quartetto, and the old one was soon nearly forgotten.

They were not forgotten, however, by Mosjo Ignatz Schuppenpelz, who was continually on the watch to play Master Puderlein some ill trick. The opportunity soon offered; his new principal sent him one morning to dress the hair of the Baron von Fûrnberg. Young Von Swieten chanced to be at the baron's house, and in the course of conversation mentioned the balls frequently given by Prince Esterhazy, and the delightful new dances by the unknown composer. In the warmth of his description the youth stepped up to the piano and began a piece which caused Ignatz to prick up his ears, for he recognized it too well; it was Nanny's favorite waltz, which Joseph had executed expressly for her.

"I would give fifty ducats," cried the baron, when Von Swieten had ended, "to know the name of the composer."

"Fifty ducats!" repeated Ignatz. "Your honor, I can tell your honor the name of the composer."

"If you can, and with certainty, the fifty ducats are yours," answered Fûrnberg and Von Swieten.

"I can, your honor. It is Pepi Haydn."

"How? Joseph Haydn? How do you know? Speak!" cried both gentlemen to the *friseur*, who proceeded to inform them of Haydn's abode and seclusion in the house of Wenzel Puderlein; nor did the journeyman lose the opportunity of be-powdering his ancient master plentifully with abuse as an old miser, a surly fool, and an arch tyrant.

"Horrible!" cried his auditors, when Ignatz had concluded his story. "Horrible! This old *friseur* makes the poor young man, hidden from all the world, labor to gratify his avarice, and keeps him prisoner! We must set him at liberty."

Ignatz assured the gentlemen they would perform a good deed by doing so; and informed them when it was likely Puderlein would be from home, so that they could find an opportunity of speaking alone with young Haydn. Young Von Swieten resolved to go that very morning, during the absence of Puderlein, to seek his favorite; and took Ignatz along with him. The hair-dresser was not a little elated to be seated opposite the baron, in a handsome coach, which drove rapidly toward Leopoldstadt. When they stopped before Puderlein's house, Ignatz remained in the coach, while the baron alighted, entered the house, and ran up stairs to the chamber before pointed out to him, where Joseph Haydn sat deep in the composition of a new quartetto.

Great was the youth's astonishment when he perceived his distinguished visitor. He did not utter a word, but kept bowing to the ground. Von Swieten, however, hesitated not to accost him with all the ardor of youth, and described the affliction of his friends (who they were Joseph knew not) at his mysterious disappearance. Then he spoke of the applause his compositions had received;

and of the public curiosity to know who the admirable composer was and where he lived. "Your fortune is now made," concluded he. "The Baron von Fünberg, a connoisseur, my father, I myself—we will all receive you; we will present you to Prince Esterhazy; so make ready to quit this house, and to escape, the sooner the better, from the illegal and unworthy tyranny of an avaricious periwig-maker."

Joseph knew not what to reply; for with every word of Von Swieten his astonishment increased. At length he faltered, blushing, "Your honor is much mistaken, if you think I am tyrannized over in this house; on the contrary, Master Puderlein treats me as his own son, and his daughter loves me as a brother. He took me in when I was helpless and destitute, without the means of earning my bread."

"Be that as it may," interrupted young Von Swieten impatiently, "this house is no longer your home; you must go into the great world under very different auspices, worthy of your talents. To-morrow the baron and I come to fetch you away." Therewith he embraced young Haydn with cordiality, quitted the house, and drove back to the city, while Joseph stood and rubbed his forehead, and hardly knew whether all was a dream or reality.

But the pretty Nanny, who, listening in the kitchen, had heard all, ran in grief and affright to meet her father when he came home, and told him every thing.

Puderlein was dismayed; but he soon collected himself, and commanded his daughter to follow him, and to put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Thus prepared, he went up to Haydn's chamber. Joseph, as soon as he heard him coming, opened the

door and went to meet him, to inform him of the strange visit he had received.

But Puderlein pushed him back into the chamber, entered himself, followed by the weeping Nanny, and cried in a pathetic tone, "I know all; you have betrayed me, and are now going to leave me like a vagabond."

"Surely not, Master Puderlein. But listen to me."

"I will not listen! Your treachery is clear; your falsehood to me and to my daughter! O ingratitude! see here thine image. I loved this boy as my own son. I received him, when he was destitute, under my hospitable roof; clothed and fed him. I have dressed his hair with my own hands, and labored for his renown; and for my thanks, he has betrayed me and my innocent daughter!"

"Master Puderlein, listen to me. I will not be ungrateful; on the contrary, I will thank you all the days of my life for what you have done for me."

"And marry that girl?"

"Marry her?" repeated Joseph, astonished. "Marry her? I—your daughter?"

"Who else? Have you not told her she was handsome? that you liked her?"

"I have indeed; but—"

"No buts; you must *marry* her, or you are a shameless traitor! Think you a virtuous damsel of Vienna lets every callow bird tell her she is handsome and agreeable? My innocent Nanny thought you wished to marry her, and made up her mind honestly to have you. She loves you; and now will you desert her and leave her to grief and shame?"

Joseph stood in dejected silence. Puderlein continued, "And I—have I deserved such black ingratitude from you, eh? have I?" With these words, Master Wenzel drew forth a

roll of paper, unfolded and held it up before the disconcerted Joseph, who uttered an exclamation of surprise as he read these words engraved on it, "Quartetto for two violins, bass viol, and violoncello. Composed by Master Joseph Haydn, performer and composer in Vienna. Vienna, 1751."

"Yes!" cried Puderlein, triumphantly, when he saw Haydn's joyful surprise—"yes, cry out and make your eyes as large as bullets. I did that; with the money I received in payment for your dances I paid for paper and press-work, that you might present the public with a great work. Still more: I have labored to such purpose among my customers of rank that you have the appointment of organist to the Carmelites. Here is your appointment. Now go, ingrate, and bring my daughter and me with sorrow to the grave."

Joseph went not; with tears in his eyes he threw himself into Puderlein's arms, who struggled and resisted vigorously, as if he would have repelled him. But Joseph held him fast, saying, "Master Puderlein! listen to me! There is no treachery in me! Let me call you father; give me Nanny for my wife."

Master Wenzel was at last quiet. He sank exhausted into an arm-chair, and cried to the young couple, "Come hither, my children; kneel before me, that I may give you my blessing. This evening shall be the betrothal, and a month hence we will have the wedding."

Joseph and Nanny knelt down and received the paternal benediction. All was festivity in No. 7, on the Danube, that evening, when the organist, Joseph Haydn, was solemnly betrothed to the fair Nanny, the daughter of Wenzel Puderlein, burgher and proprietor in the Leopoldstadt in Vienna.

The Baron Von Fürnberg and

young Von Swieten were not a little astonished, when they came the next morning to take Haydn from Puderlein's house, to find him affianced to the pretty Nanny. They remonstrated with him earnestly in private; but Joseph remained immovable, and kept his word, pledged to Puderlein and his bride, like an honorable young man.

At a later period he had reason to acknowledge that the step he had taken was somewhat precipitate; but

he never repented it, and consoled himself, when his earthly muse caused a little discord among his tones, with the companionship of that immortal partner, ever lovely, ever young, who attends the skilful artist through life, and who proved herself so true to him that the name of Joseph Haydn shall, after the lapse of centuries, be pronounced with joyful and sacred emotion by our latest posterity.

HAYDN'S STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

I.

"SEVENTEEN kreutzers for a morning's work!" exclaimed a pretty but slovenly-dressed young woman, standing at the door of an apartment in a mean-looking house in one of the narrow streets of Vienna, addressing a man of low stature and sallow complexion, who had just come in. "And the printers running after you ever since you went out! Profitless doings for you to spend your time! At eight, the singing-desk of the brothers De la Merci; at ten, Count de Haugwitz's chapel; grand mass at eleven; and all this toil for a few kreutzers!"

"What can I do?" said the weary, desponding man.

"Do! Give up this foolish business of music, and take to something that will enable you to live. Did not my father, a hair-dresser, give you shelter when you had only your garret and skylight, and had to lie in bed and write for want of coals? Had he not a right to expect you would dress his daughter as well as she had been used at home, and that she should have servants to wait on her, as in her father's house?"

"You should not reproach me, Nanny. Have I not worked till my health has given way? If fortune is inexorable—"

"Fortune! As if fortune did not always wait upon industry in a proper calling. Your patrons admire and applaud, but they will not *pay*; yet you *will* drudge away your life in this ungrateful occupation. I tell you, Joseph Haydn, music is not the thing!"

Here a knock was heard at the door; and the wife, with exclamations of impatience, flounced away. The unfortunate artist threw himself on a seat, and leaned his head on a table covered with notes of music. So entirely had he yielded himself to despondency that he did not move, even when the door opened, till the sound of a well-known voice close at his side startled him from his melancholy reverie.

"How now, Haydn! what is the matter, my boy?"

The speaker was an old man, shabbily dressed, but with something striking and even commanding in his noble features. His large, dark, flashing eyes, his olive complexion, and the contour of his face bespoke him a native of a sunnier clime than that of Germany. Haydn sprang up and welcomed him with a cordial embrace.

"And when, my dear Porpora, did you return to Vienna?" he asked.

"This morning only; and my first care was to find you out. But how is this? I find you thin, and pale, and gloomy. Where are your spirits?"

"Gone," murmured the composer, and dropped his eyes on the floor. His visitor regarded him with a look of affectionate interest.

In answer to Porpora's inquiries, Haydn told him of the struggles and failures by which he had been led to doubt his own genius, till he had succumbed under the crushing hand of poverty. "I am chained," he concluded bitterly; and, giving way to the anguish of his heart, he burst into tears.

Porpora shook his head, and was silent for a few moments. At length he said:

"I must, I see, give you a little of my experience. I was, you know, a pupil of Scarlatti more fortunate than you; for my works procured me almost at once a wide-spread fame. I was called for not only in Venice, but in Vienna and London."

"Ah! yours was a brilliant lot," cried the young composer, looking up with kindling eyes.

"The Saxon court," continued Porpora, "offered me the direction of the chapel and of the theatre at Dresden. Even the princesses received my lessons; in short, my success was so great that I awakened the jealousy of Hasse himself. All this you know, and how I returned to London upon the invitation of amateurs in Italian music."

"Where you rivalled Handel!" said Haydn enthusiastically. "Handel, with all his greatness, had no versatility. Your sacred music, Porpora, will live when your theatrical compositions have ceased to enjoy unrivalled popularity."

"My sacred compositions may survive and carry my name to posterity; for taste in such things is less mutable than in the opera. You see now, dear Haydn, for what I have lived and labored. I was once renowned and wealthy. What did prosperity bring me? Envy, discontent, rivalry, disappointment! Would you know to what period I can look back with self-approbation, with thankfulness? To the toil of early years; to the struggle after an ideal of greatness, goodness, and beauty; to the self-forgetfulness that saw only the glorious goal far, far before me; to the undismayed resolve that sought only its attainment. Or to a time still later, when the visions of manhood's impure and selfish ambition

had faded away, when the soul had shaken off some of her fetters, and roused herself to a perception of the eternal, the perfect, the divine; when I became conscious of the delusive vanity of earthly hopes and earthly excellence, but at the same time awakened to the revelation of that which cannot die!

"You see me now, seventy-three years old, and too poor to command even a shelter for the few days that yet remain to me in this world. I have lost the splendid fame I once possessed; I have lost the riches that were mine; I have lost the power to win even a competence by my own labors; but I have not lost my passion for our glorious music, nor enjoyment of the reward she bestows on her votaries; nor my confidence in Heaven. And you, at twenty-seven, you—more greatly endowed, to whom the world is open—*you* despair! Are you worthy to succeed, O man of little faith?"

"My friend, my benefactor!" cried the young artist, clasping his hand with deep emotion.

"Cast away your bonds; cut and rend, if your very flesh is torn in the effort; and the ground once spurned, you are free. What have you been doing?" And he turned over rapidly the musical notes that lay on the table. "Here, what is this—a symphony? Play it for me, if you please."

So saying, with a gentle force he led his young friend to the piano, and Haydn played from the piece he had nearly completed.

"This is excellent, admirable!" cried Porpora, when he rose from the instrument. "When can you finish this? for I must have it at once."

"To-morrow, if you like," answered the composer more cheerfully.

"To-morrow then; and you must work to-night. I will go and order you a physician; he will come to-

tomorrow morning—how madly your pulse throbs!—and when your work is done, you may rest. Adieu for the present.” And pressing his young friend’s hands, the eccentric but benevolent old man departed, leaving Haydn full of new thoughts, his bosom fired with zeal to struggle against adverse fortune. In such moods does the spiritual champion wrestle with the powers of the abyss, and mightily prevail.

When Haydn, late that night, threw himself on his bed, weary, ill, and exhausted, his frame racked with the pains of fever, he had accomplished the first of an order of works destined to endear his name to all succeeding time.

While the artist lay on a sick-bed, a brilliant *fête* was given by Count Mortzin, an Austrian nobleman of immense wealth and influence, at which the most distinguished individuals in Vienna were present. The musical entertainments given by these luxurious patrons of the arts were at that time, and for some years after, the most splendid in Europe.

When the concert was over, Prince Antoine Esterhazy expressed the pleasure he had received, and his obligations to the noble host. “Chief among your magnificent novelties,” said he, “is the new symphony, *St. Maria*. One does not hear every day such music. Who is the composer?”

The count referred to one of his friends. The answer was, “Joseph Haydn.”

“I have heard his quartettos; he is no common artist. Is he in your service, count?”

“He has been employed by me.”

“With your good leave, he shall be transferred to ours; and I shall take care he has no reason to regret the change. Let him be presented to us.”

There was a murmur among the audience and a movement, but the composer did not appear; and presently word was brought to his highness that the young man on whom he intended to confer so great an honor was detained at home by illness.

“So! Let him be brought to me as soon as he recovers; he shall enter my service. I like his symphony vastly. Your pardon, count; for we will rob you of your best man.” And the great prince, having decided the destiny of a greater than himself, turned to those who surrounded him to speak of other matters.

News of the change in his fortune was brought to Haydn by his friend Porpora; and so renovating was the effect of hope that he was strong enough on the following day to pay his respects to his illustrious patron. His highness was just preparing to ride, but would see the composer; and he was conducted through a splendid suite of rooms to the apartment where the proud head of the Esterhazys deigned to receive an almost nameless artist. The prince, in the splendid array suited to his rank, glanced somewhat carelessly at the low, slight figure that stood before him, and said, as he was presented, “Is this, then, the composer of the music I heard last night?”

“This is he—Joseph Haydn,” replied the friend who introduced him.

“So—a Moor, I should judge from his dark complexion. And you write such music? Haydn—I recollect the name; and I remember hearing, too, that you were not well paid for your labors, eh?”

“I have been very unfortunate, your highness—”

“Well, you shall have no reason to complain in my service. My secretary shall fix your appointments; and name whatever else you

desire. All of your profession find me liberal. Now then, sir Moor, you may go; and let it be your first care to provide yourself with a new coat, a wig, and buckles and heels to your shoes. I will have you respectable in appearance as well as in talents; so let me have no more of shabby professors. And do your best, my little dusky, to recruit in flesh—it will add to the stature; and to relieve your olive with a shade of the ruddy. Such spindle masters would be a walking discredit to our larder, which is truly a spendthrift one."

So saying, with a laugh, the haughty nobleman dismissed his new dependent. The artist chafed not at the imperious tone of patronage; for he did not yet feel the superiority of his own vocation. It was the bondage-time of genius; the wings were not yet grown which were to bear his spirit up, when it brooded over a new world.

The life which Haydn led in the service of Prince Esterhazy, to which service he was permanently attached by Nicolas, the successor of Antoine, in the quality of chapel-master, was one so easy that it might have proved fatal to an artist more inclined to luxury and pleasure, or less devoted to his art. Now for the first time relieved from the care of the future, he was enabled to yield to the impulse of his genius, and create works which gradually extended his fame over all the countries of Europe.

II.

On the evening of a day in the beginning of April, 1809, all the lovers of art in Vienna were assembled in the theatre to witness the performance of the oratorio of *The Creation*. The entertainment had been given in honor of the composer of that noble work—the illustrious

Haydn—by his numerous friends and admirers. He had been enticed from Gumpendorf, his retreat in the suburbs, the cottage surrounded by a little garden which he had purchased after his retirement from the Esterhazy service, and where he was spending the last years of his life. Three hundred musicians assisted at the performance. The audience rose *en masse* and greeted with rapturous applause the white-haired man, who, led forward by the most distinguished nobles in the city, was conducted to the place of honor. There, seated with princesses at his right hand, beauty smiling upon him, the centre of a circle of nobility, the observed and admired of all, the object of the acclamations of thousands—who would not have said that Haydn had reached the summit of human greatness, had more than realized the proudest visions of his youth? His serene countenance, his clear eye, his air of dignified self-possession, showed that prosperity had not overcome him, but that amid the smiles of fortune he had not forgotten the true excellence of man.

"I can see plainly," remarked one of Haydn's friends, whom we will call Manuel, "that he will write no more."

"He has done enough; and now we are ready for the farewell of Haydn," said another.

"The farewell?"

"Did you never hear the story? I have heard him tell it often myself. It concerns one of his most celebrated symphonies. The occasion was this: Among the musicians attached to the service of Prince Esterhazy, were several who, during his sojourn upon his estates, were obliged to leave their wives at Vienna. At one time his highness prolonged his stay at Esterhazy castle considerably beyond the usual period. The disconsolate husbands entreated Haydn to

become the interpreter of their wishes. Thus the idea came to him of composing a symphony in which each instrument ceased, one after another. He added at the close of every part the direction, 'Here the light is extinguished.' Each musician, in his turn, rose, put out his candle, rolled up his notes, and went away. This pantomime had the desired effect; the next morning the prince gave orders for their return to the capital.

"He used to tell us a somewhat similar story of the origin of his Turkish or military symphony. You know the high appreciation he met with in his visits to England; but notwithstanding the praise and homage he received, he could not prevent the enthusiastic audience from falling asleep during the performance of his compositions. It occurred to him to devise a kind of ingenious revenge. In this piece, while the current is gliding softly, and slumber beginning to steal over the senses of his audience, a sudden and unexpected burst of martial music, tremendous as a thunder-peal, startles the surprised sleepers into active attention. I would have liked to see the lethargic islanders, with their eyes and mouths thrown open by such an unlooked-for shock!"

A stop was suddenly put to the conversation by the commencement of the performance. *The Creation*, the first of Haydn's oratorios, was regarded as his greatest work, and had often elicited the most heartfelt applause. Now that the aged and honored composer was present, probably for the last time, to hear it, an emotion too deep for utterance seemed to pervade the vast audience. The feeling was too reverential to be expressed by the ordinary tokens of pleasure. It seemed as if every eye in the assembly were fixed on the calm, noble face of the venerated ar-

tist; as if every heart beat with love for him. Then came, like a succession of heavenly melodies, the music of *The Creation*, and the listeners felt as if transported back to the infancy of the world. At the words, "Let there be light, and there was light," when all the instruments were united in one full burst of gorgeous harmony, emotion seemed to shake the whole frame of the aged artist. His pale face crimsoned; his bosom heaved convulsively; he raised his eyes, streaming with tears, toward heaven, and, lifting upward his trembling hands, exclaimed, his voice audible in the pause of the music, "Not unto me—not unto me—but unto thy name be all the glory, O Lord!"

From this moment Haydn lost the calmness and serenity that had marked the expression of his countenance. The very depths of his heart had been stirred, and ill could his wasted strength sustain the tide of feeling. When the superb chorus at the close of the second part announced the completion of the work of creation, he could bear the excitement no longer. Assisted by the prince's physician and several of his friends, he was carried from the theatre, pausing to give one last look of gratitude, expressed in his tearful eyes, to the orchestra who had so nobly executed his conception, and followed by the lengthened plaudits of the spectators, who felt that they were never to look upon his face again.

Some weeks after this occurrence, his friend Manuel, who had sent to inquire after his health, received from him a card on which he had written, to notes of music, the words, "*Meine kraft ist dahin*," "My strength is gone." Haydn was in the habit of sending about these cards, but his increased feebleness was evident in the handwriting of this; and Manuel lost no time in hastening to him

There, in his quiet cottage, around which rolled the thunders of war, terrifying others but not him, sat the venerable composer. His desk stood on one side, on the other his piano; he smiled, and held out his hand to greet his friend.

"Many a time," he murmured "you have cheered my solitude, and now you have come to see the old man die."

"Speak not thus, my dear friend," cried Manuel, grieved to the heart; "you will recover."

"Not here," answered Haydn, and pointed upward.

He then made a sign to one of his attendants to open the desk, and reach him a roll of papers. From these he took one and gave it to his friend. It was inscribed in his own hand, "Catalogue of all my musical compositions, which I can remember, since my eighteenth year. Vienna, 4th December, 1805." Manuel, as he read it, understood the mute pressure of his friend's hand, and sighed deeply. That hand would never trace another note.

"Better thus," said Haydn softly, "than a lingering old age of care, disease, perhaps of poverty! No; I am happy. I have lived not in vain. I have accomplished my destiny; I

have done good. I am ready for thy call, O Master!"

His spiritual adviser and guide was with him the next hour, and administered the last consolations of religion. The aged man was wrapped in devotion. At length he asked to be supported to his piano; it was opened, and as his trembling fingers touched the keys, an expression of rapture was kindled in his eyes. The music that answered his touch seemed the music of inspiration. But it gradually faded away; the flush gave place to a deadly pallor; and while his fingers still rested on the keys, he sank back into the arms of his friend, and gently breathed out his parting spirit. It passed as in a happy strain of melody!

Prince Esterhazy did honor to the memory of his departed friend by the pageant of funeral ceremonies. His remains were transported to Eisenstadt, in Hungary, and placed in the Franciscan vault. The prince also purchased, at a high price, all his books and manuscripts, and the numerous medals he had obtained. But his fame belongs to the world; and in all hearts sensible to the music of truth and nature is consecrated the memory of Haydn.

MODERN OPERA.*

NOTHING better pictures an epoch than the art and literature which it produces. The great characters, religious and political, immortalized by history, have always been surrounded by a cluster of noble geniuses, artistic and literary. The generosity and magnanimity of heroes is reproduced in the sublime purity of the works of art of their epoch. Nobility of art bears testimony to the excellence of morals. Our century is no exception to this. Confusion of principles in politics and religion is accompanied by an analogous overturning of morals, of art, and of literature. We are living in a time of general depravity; at least, it is so as regards those who pretend to march at the head of modern civilization. But their depraved literature, their shameless arts, exercise their disastrous influence over those who would wish to resist the current of the bad passions of the day. It is to them that M. Stein gives warning of the danger, in depicting the bad conditions into which dramatic music has degenerated. It is a study of contemporaneous manners, not so much from an artistic as from a religious and political point of view.

GENTLEMEN: A few days ago, it was shown you here how considerable is the influence of the fine arts upon the moral life of mankind; it was demonstrated how they can guide the human sentiment towards different ends, good or bad.

You will permit me now to call

** Lecture of M. Stein, Curate of Cologne. Delivered before the Catholic Congress at Düsseldorf.*

your attention to a branch of the fine arts which, more now than ever, and more than all others, exercises its influence on the moral life of the people, and which merits thus the highest degree of interest from this assembly. It is dramatic poetry allied to musical art, that is, the Opera.

You all know the great extent of this branch, which has captivated the favor of the public to a degree perfectly exceptional, and which has banished to the second place all other branches of dramatic art.

The reasons of this extraordinary success are not so well known. The excessive predilection of public theatre-goers for the opera is of quite recent date. Only forty years ago, the masterpieces of dramatic poetry enjoyed the same favor as those of dramatic music. By the side of Mozart and Carl Maria von Weber, Shakespeare and Schiller were found on a footing of equality; to-day they must retire before Meyerbeer and Offenbach, and be contented to remain eclipsed by these favorites of the public. If you question on the subject enthusiastic lovers of the opera, they will answer that, in our day, opera has made progress so considerable, and attained to such perfection, that the understanding of music is so general among the people, that this predilection of an enlightened public for dramatic music is the most natural thing in the world. You know there never can be question of any other than an enlightened public; for it cannot be doubted that every man who frequents the theatre is a man of progress. The

gallery represents the preparatory school; the boxes, the pupils in philosophy.

However, it is difficult to believe that artistic taste and love of music are the sole motives which cause the public to fill the halls of the opera-house. Forty years ago, the works of Mozart, of Weber, and other masters were well appreciated by connoisseurs, but they did not meet with as much success from the public as modern operas enjoy to-day. Or is it rather that Donizetti and Verdi, Meyerbeer and Offenbach, understand the art better than Mozart and Weber, Spohr and Spontini? We cannot admit it. The reason must be elsewhere, and surely, gentlemen, you wish to know it.

In a pamphlet published ten years ago, Richard Wagner says: "The essential foundation of art, as practised generally in our day, is industry: its moral end is gain, its æsthetic intention to kill *ennui*."

This richly endowed artist has in view his colleagues in dramatic music, the composers of opera. He knew these men well, and understood himself how they set to work. But in the words quoted he has perfectly explained the end and tendency of modern opera.

The end is no other than gain; and, as means conducive to this end, effect is necessary, which must be attained at any price. Industrialism, that tyrant of our age, has also submitted the opera to its power, and under its domination the art exhausts itself forcibly, because tied to the fly-wheel of the artistic fabric. To produce effect, to surprise and bring out something which has not yet been seen—these are the objects of actual dramatic music. To this end is sacrificed not only art, but also all that exists—religion, politics, morality, and truth. This unfortunate

course has been inaugurated by the Italians. In their dramatic works, Donizetti and Verdi have sought but for effect, theatrical success, and to this end have completely sacrificed dramatic truth. For love of effect, they have trodden upon law, morals, and even reason. The domination of sense over mind is the characteristic feature of their music.

But it is among the French that this style has attained its greatest perfection, and even among the German composers, who, for love of effect, have Frenchified themselves. The most skilful author of scores of operas, Scribe, has offered his pen to these greedy musicians for money, and shows his readiness to sacrifice all to it. Scribe understood the Parisian public for which he worked. He knew its weakness, and he has succeeded in imposing the vitiated taste of that public on the whole civilized world.

In the texts furnished by Scribe, all is intended for scenic effect—all means are employed to reach this end. The requirements of dramatic truth and of morality, even of good sense, are sacrificed to the one end, effect. Frivolous and immodest allusions, which offer gross food to the impure fancy, and necessarily soil the imagination of innocence; doubtful scenes, as, for example, in *Fra Diavolo*, where a young girl unrobes and goes to bed before the audience; scenes of the bath, as in the *Huguenots*; scenes of seduction, as in *Robert le Diable*; political allusions, exaltation of and homage to the revolutionary passions, as in the *Muette de Portici*; base flattery to the irreligious opinions and prejudices of the day; even, in fine, scenes peculiarly religious, that are put into the piece to produce striking contrasts, and bring out voluptuous scenes better—these are the artistic

means of which these poets and composers have made use to produce effect, and to make money with this effect. Thanks to these industrials of the opera, it happens that in France a new opera has no longer chance of success, if it be not abundantly provided with these means for exciting bad passions.

Now, how is it in Germany? The German good-nature imitates everything of which the French set the example. It allows itself to be deceived, even to the point of finding *naïveté* where there is nothing but immodesty. It thinks even that it recognizes a religious character in works which do but abuse and vilify religion. The German good-nature imagines that these creators of French art have carried dramatic music to its highest perfection, whilst in reality they are merely skilful workmen, and often something much worse.

If it be denied that our so-called artistic and intelligent public is intoxicated with drinking from the poisoned cup of the French opera, it must be conceded that in Germany there are still many men who know and love art, and who therefore, at the start, do not sacrifice to this musical Baal, but render testimony to the truth with regard to the modern opera. They do not trouble themselves about the shouts and railleries of the crowd, who are unreflecting, and seek in art only sensual enjoyment and pastime.

Permit me here to recall the memory of a generous man, a grand master of the musical art, whom the city of Dusseldorf formerly counted among its citizens—to wit, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. From the letters he has left, we know that, during his artistic career, he desired earnestly to try his creative power on the opera, but could not succeed because, notwithstanding his multiplied efforts, he

could not find a text to please him. During his sojourn in Paris, his father wrote him to employ Scribe to furnish him a text, to make the composition at Paris, and to have the joint work performed there. This letter of the father betrays a man well versed in business. In his answer, Mendelssohn first speaks of the difficulties which are raised against strangers who wish to represent their works in Paris; then says: "It must be added that, among the French, the principal condition is one to which we must always be opposed, even when the epoch requires us to be ready to make concessions to the taste of the day. This essential condition is immorality. I have no music for that. It is ignoble. If the present age exacts such requirements of the opera, I renounce it for ever. I prefer to compose religious music."

Honor to the honest man! Honor to the artist who in acting thus honored himself—who refused to gain money and to make himself famous by selling for so base a use the divine gift which God had given him!

As Mendelssohn indicates here, it is particularly Meyerbeer who has devoted himself to this bad style. In his youth, this talented artist had composed several operas which had not been favorably received. He had tried without success in the German school as well as in the Italian. He gave himself up to the mercantile style, and his career was brilliant. Meanwhile, Meyerbeer employed Scribe to write his texts, and these two minds understood each other wonderfully. The one furnished piquant scenes, without regard to the exigencies of reason and morals, and threw in a profusion of seductions for all the passions. He set to work all the wonders of decoration. The other illuminated the whole with seductive music, which

sought but for effect, and had no regard to dramatic truth. In this manner, Meyerbeer has become not only the most famous, but also—and this is the principal thing--the richest musician of the entire world. He knows his business, as no one before has known it.

Meyerbeer is distinguished particularly for his predilection for religious scenes. With consummate skill, he uses them to produce striking contrasts. None of his last operas fail in this spicy seasoning. As a Jew, he is impartial among the different Christian sects. He maligns and mocks them all. In *Robert le Diable*, it is Catholicism which is put under contribution to furnish material for his religious scenes; in the *Huguenots*, he abuses Protestantism in the same manner and to the same end.

Marcel, a personage insignificant and dull, a fanatical Huguenot, interrupts everywhere the action of the piece with a Protestant canticle, always inopportune and without reason, but producing always a grand effect by contrast. It is the air of the canticle of Luther: "Our God is a tower of strength." The success of the *Huguenots*, this opera being so much a favorite, rests almost entirely on the contrasts produced by this canticle.

In the first act, a merry company of cavaliers is found at table drinking and singing a riotous song. Marcel, the incomprehensible solitary, proceeds to thunder out, with a loud voice accompanied with brazen instruments: "Hear me, strong God! My voice is raised to thee." This canticle, in the midst of jovial drinkers, intermingled with the song they are singing—how can it fail of effect? In the second act, there is a very violent scene. At the instigation of Queen Margaret, the Count St. Bris has proposed his daughter to the

Chevalier Raoul, who refuses her. Valentina, the daughter, despised and scorned, complains; Queen Margaret preaches peace; all shout and fence, and Marcel adds his chorus in a thundering voice, "God, our guard and protection, listen to our cries!" Is not this a shameful prostitution of sacred things? But it produces effect; and our opera-going public, which boasts of its delicate taste, is enchanted with it, and imagines that the violent impression produced by these contrasts is a religious and edifying sentiment.

In *L'Africaine*, the last production of Meyerbeer, he introduces us immediately, in the first act, to a sitting of the secret council of the King of Portugal. It is understood that the grand inquisitor and a certain number of cardinals play the principal rôle. Finally, Vasco de Gama is condemned, loaded with chains, and thrown into the deepest dungeon. Why? Because he has affirmed the existence of distant and unknown lands of which the Scripture does not speak. You know well that ecclesiastical dignitaries have always had the habit of refuting with chains and a prison novel ideas and scientific discoveries. At least, by this scene the public is convinced of it, with the aid of stunning music. This same opera, so much approved, contains also a very piquant amorous intrigue. There are several choruses of prayer, then a large vessel on the stage, and finally a manchineel tree, which spreads death. We must agree that it is the possible and the impossible.

However, it is not the Jew Meyerbeer who has pushed to the extreme his musical industry. The Jew Offenbach has gone much further. The former speculated principally on the curiosity of the unreflecting masses; but while his art is under sub-

jection to frivolity, he still seeks to preserve a certain decorum. But Offenbach has got rid of the last remains of modesty and propriety. Yet the Christian public besiege the workshop, and applaud with frenzy the musical indecencies of this industrious Jew.

Orphées aux Enfers, La Belle Héloïse, La Vie Parisienne, such, for several years, have been the favorite works with a public in advance of its age. These operas have been played every day for weeks and months on every stage; and often there are disputes over the tickets for these representations. Of course, it is all owing to the beautiful music.

With these impure works, dramatic music has attained the extreme of degradation. After having been lowered by Meyerbeer and the modern composers of France and Italy to the rank of an *equestrienne*, who rides round the circus in elegant costume, the muse of music has been thrown to the demi-monde by Offenbach. She could not fall lower.

Gentlemen, permit me to repeat the question which was laid before you in the beginning. What is the reason that modern opera has gained the favor of the public to so eminent a degree that not only the classical works of this kind, but also the masterpieces of declaimed drama, are banished from the theatre? Now, we can answer this question. The reason of this surprising phenomenon is that, by the modern opera, art has entered into the service of sensuality, art has lost all generous and elevated motives. It has tasked itself to amuse a public depraved by pleasures of every kind—to satisfy curiosity, to flatter the bad passions, the errors and prejudices of the age, and to make a bad use of the questions of the day.

Those who still doubt what I say

have but to notice the intimate union of the ballet with the opera which the prevailing taste dictates as an inexorable law. In most cases, the ballet has no logical or artistic connection with the opera. It is a foreign element which imposes itself upon musical and dramatic action, and which is given with the avowed intention of exciting voluptuousness. Reason is forced to despise the ballet; moral sentiment condemns it; musical art is obliged to lament over it as a sad aberration; nevertheless, modern opera has concluded an alliance for life with this frivolous creation of the present time. You know the proverb, "Tell me what company you keep: I will tell you what you are."

Our friends of the opera do not like to be told these things. Judgments like these are for them the expressions of a mind opposed to modern civilization, and lost in obsolete ideas. If one of these partisans of modern opera hears what I have just said, he will certainly say that the darkness of my ultramontane soul is blacker than the color of my robe. He will maintain that it is only æsthetic education, artistic sense, enthusiasm for music, which draws him and his equals to similar works; and, nevertheless, the old operas which are veritable works of art, but which do not contain any piquant subject and little food for sensuality, leave them cold and indifferent in the depth of their hearts. The symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart cause these lovers of art to yawn, and the name alone of an oratorio makes their flesh creep.

What position have we Christians to take, in order to oppose these alarming phenomena of the present day? A critic of the seventeenth century, named Wehrenfels, has laid down this principle for dramatic art

in general: "Finally, all our dramatic representations should be such that Plato could tolerate them in his republic, that Cato could listen to them with pleasure, that vestals could witness them without wounding their chastity, and, what is more important, that Christians could listen to them."

You will say this is too antiquated a principle. Among the greater part of our amateurs at the theatre it will only provoke expressions of doubt; they will say that this poor Wehrens is far behind modern civilization. Notwithstanding, no one undertakes to refute this principle, to demonstrate that these requirements are groundless. But as long as they are not refuted, we must consider them justified, and we ask if they should not be applied to the opera. Is not the drama when sung to be submitted to the same true moral and æsthetic laws as the drama recited?

To the phenomena of life as produced before our eyes, we apply the scale of conscience and of reason. Why should it not be our right and our duty to apply them also to the opera, and to regulate our conduct from the result of such an examination? No one will deny that this question is well founded. Nevertheless, it would meet with much resistance. Our enthusiasts of the opera have tacitly agreed that, where it is a question of opera, good sense and conscience should be silent. But ourselves, gentlemen, ought never to abandon these principles. We should no longer be Christians, if we did not apply to the opera the principles we practise in our lives.

Let us, then, apply these principles to the music of our day. What must we do if it be condemned for frivolity, for immodesty and abuse of religious things? If we find that the scenes are arranged solely with a view to effect, and in disregard of

good sense and logic? If reason and conscience, by common accord, condemn this degradation of art, and the deception with which this degradation is presented as veritable art? What must we do, in presence of these great accusations against modern opera?

Would you condemn to silence your reason and your conscience because you are promised amusement? Would you wish, as a return for your money, to have sung on the stage words you despise, words you would repulse if they were spoken? Would you put a temptation before your children, in leading them to the opera—these same children whom you tried to bring up in honesty, in religion, in piety, and the observance of all Christian duties? Do you believe that at the opera, where religion is made a plaything, where it is exposed to contempt, attacked and calumniated, they will learn to esteem and to obey it? Will they learn good morals, decency, and propriety from the dancers of the ballet? It is sufficient to place before you these questions; you will answer them yourselves. But why this severe criticism? What will result from it?

Will my words succeed in turning dramatic music from its bad course, and making it enter on a better? Will the thousands and thousands of individuals who find their greatest pleasure in modern opera take notice of them at all? I do not count upon that. But I hope with confidence, gentlemen, that my words will engage you to examine more closely the subject of which I have been treating. You will not form your judgment from charlatans of criticism and enthusiastic partisans of sensuality; but you will judge for yourselves, by vigorously applying your Christian principles. If you are thus affected, my words will have borne fruit.